

JULY 1992

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Bing Crosby
by Samuel Cahan

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Most of you have paid your dues for 1992, but some have not. On your mailing label, directly above your name, is the date your membership expires. We would appreciate payment as soon as possible after that date.

If the club is to remain financially stable, it is necessary that all members pay dues on a regular basis. We would not like to drop any members for non-payment, but it may become necessary to do so. If any of you are no longer interested in receiving *Bingang*, please drop us a note or postcard.

Please follow these instructions for payment of dues:

TO OUR MEMBERS IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

Send a check or money order for \$11.00, made out to Club Crosby, to:

Editor, *Bingang*
P. O. Box 3849
Kirkwood, MO 63122

Canadian members must pay in U. S. dollars by means of a postoffice money order or an international bank draft drawn on a U. S. bank. Canadian currency and personal checks on Canadian banks are not acceptable to our bank.

TO OUR MEMBERS IN EUROPE

Ken Crossland of W. Midlands, England, is our European representative. He collects dues and does the mailing of *Bingang* for Europe and the British Isles. Magazines are air-mailed to Ken in bulk from the U.S. He distributes them to the members. Dues are \$16.00 and must be submitted to Ken in an amount equivalent to \$16.00 U.S. Send dues or notice of non-receipt of *Bingang* to:

Ken W. Crossland
9 Arden Drive
Dorridge
Solihull
W. Midlands B93 8LP
England

Checks or money orders should be made out to K. W. Crossland.

TO OUR MEMBERS IN AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

We cannot accept foreign currency or personal checks, as it is too difficult and expensive to get them cashed. Money orders or bank drafts must specify payment in U. S. dollars. Personal checks will be returned, unhonored. Dues are \$16.00, and journals are sent airmail. Send your remittance, made out to Club Crosby, to:

Editor, *Bingang*
P. O. Box 3849
Kirkwood, MO 63122 U.S.A.

The beautiful sketch of Bing by Samuel Cahan on the front cover is from the collection of member Bob Landry of Aurora, Illinois.



Club Crosby *Bingang*



VOLUME LVII, NO. 1

JULY 1992

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President: Mark Scrimger, P. O. Box 172, Parma, MI 49269

Editor: Wayne Martin, P. O. Box 3849, Kirkwood, MO 63122

Readers Write

Dear Wayne,

I guess if anyone has read a newspaper the last few weeks, we've all read about Elvis Presley being selected to be on a U. S. postage stamp. I think it's a great and well-deserved honor. Elvis' fans should be congratulated for their efforts. However, what about Bing?

I work for the U. S. Postal Service and receive each month a magazine called *Postal Life*. In last month's edition, there was an article about the Citizens Stamp Advisory Committee. These are the 13 people—non postal employees, I might add—who decide who or what is going to be on our postage stamps. Right now, they're considering the likes of Hank Williams, Sr., pigeons, and onions. Yes, I said onions! As you can see, these people need a lot of help!

Come on, *Bingang*, let's start sending in those cards and letters to:

Citizens' Stamp Advisory Committee
475 L'Enfant Plaza S.W.
Washington, D. C. 20260-6753

As you know, Bing was a true "one and only." A real original. If anybody deserves this honor, he does.

I won't be happy until I see Bing's smiling face on the upper right hand corner of all those letters I handle every day.

C. Ken Kaminski
Pittsburgh, PA

Dear Wayne,

I am a collector of NTSC laser discs and have all of Bing's movies that have been released on this medium so far (about eight to date). However, MCA has yet to make available any of Bing's most sought-after 1930's films. As several early thirties non-Bing musicals have been released in mint condition on laser discs, I have just written my second letter to MCA Home Video, trying to convince them to put out on laser disc Bing's first starring movie, *The Big Broadcast* (1932). It was first released 60 years ago this year on October 14. This October 14 will mark the 15th anniversary of Bing's passing. What better time could there be to release *The Big Broadcast* in crystal clear

mint condition on laser disc? I urge them to use this technology because then we can be sure the very best source material will be used and the film will be digitally remastered. If it's put out on laser disc, it's most likely that it will be released on video cassette as well.

MCA is always a hard nut to crack. My two letters will probably not raise a ripple, so I urge all Bing fans to take the time and price of a stamp and drop a line to MCA Home Video, 70 Universal City Plaza, Universal City, CA 91608 and urge them to give us *The Big Broadcast* in 1992. If we can do that, we can work on *Sing You Sinners*, *We're Not Dressing*, *Anything Goes*, etc., etc.

These early films are an invaluable and irreplaceable "living" record of the development of 20th Century "pop" music, and Bing started the whole thing. They should be made available.

Anyone else out there who collects laser video discs, I would be very happy to hear from you. Just write to:

Girvan Paterson
18 Coolibar Ave.
Seaford, Victoria, Australia 3198.

Dear Wayne,

I felt very good about being so nicely welcomed by your club. I'm as delighted as you are to become a new proud member of your Bing Gang. I'm looking forward to corresponding with some of your faithful members. It will be a great pleasure to share my admiration and dedication for Bing with them.

Congratulations on all the excellent Crosby articles and material you put in your journal. *Merci beaucoup* for the membership card. I like Bing's picture on the flip side. That's the way I remember him when I first saw him in *Dr. Rhythm* (1938). He really had that good-looking appearance that matched so well his beautiful baritone vocal cords.

Paul-Emile Corbeil
1235 Blanche, C.P. 374
Les Cedres, Que. Canada JOP 1L0.

(Complete addresses are printed only when our correspondents have indicated a desire to correspond with other members.)

Editor's Pages



Books and Records Available. A letter from F. B. "Wig" Wiggins informs us that Wig is now the American distributor for all publications of the International Crosby Circle, including books, calendars, and records. He has copies of *The Crosby Collection 1926-1934* (by Fred Reynolds), price, \$25; *The Road to Hollywood* (the Fred Reynolds film book), \$32; *The Alternate Bing Crosby* (by Colin Pugh), \$15; *Bing—Just for the Record* (by Bishop and Bassett), \$14; and the 1992 I.C.C. calendar, \$5, for immediate sale in American dollars. Prices listed include shipping costs.

Wig will also be circulating the "limited edition" LP's produced by John Joyce that were formerly distributed by Al Sutton. We want to emphasize that if you wish to continue receiving these records, you must write to Wig and tell him so, as he has no up-to-date listing of the subscribers to this fine series of LP's. Two LP's will be issued in 1992, and you must send the \$30 subscription cost for these two records to Wig as soon as possible. LP's cannot be individually purchased. You can contact F. B. Wiggins at 5608 North 34th St., Arlington, VA 22207.

As we mentioned in the last issue, Wig can also enroll you in the International Crosby Circle so you can receive their magazine, *Bing*. Cost is \$20 for 1992.

Incidentally, the I.C.C. in April issued the 100th edition of *Bing*. The front cover has a beautiful color picture of Bing, and the back cover has a color version of an old Brunswick Records ad. Congratulations are in order for the officers and members of the I.C.C. for a job well-done on this issue and all the issues of the past years!

Another Young Member. We are pleased to announce that we have another young member (perhaps the youngest ever) in Club Crosby. Marilee Stankowski is 12 years old and lives in Milwaukee, WI. She and her family have collected over 500 different pieces of Crosby sheet music over the past six years. That's quite a collection! Marilee joined about a year ago, but we didn't know about her age at the time. We are always delighted to have these young members. The future of our club is there.

Finally a Bing Stamp? As you probably know, the post office is preparing a series of stamps to honor important people in the entertainment world. The first stamp in the series has been announced; it will honor Elvis Presley. There is a good chance that Bing will also

be included in the series, but it will help the cause a great deal if you let the postal service know that *you* want to see this stamp issued. Let's flood the stamp committee with letters and petitions! Correspondence should be sent to: Citizens' Stamp Advisory Committee, 475 L'Enfant Plaza S.W., Washington, DC 20260-6753.

Since the Elvis Presley stamp seems to be a *fait accompli*, let's accentuate the positive and eliminate the negative in requesting a stamp for Bing! Probably the committee, like any other organization, does not particularly like to hear criticism of its decisions.

Bennett on Bing. Ernest Sutkowski reports that on February 12 Jim Harlen, the d.j. who hosts "The Make Believe Ballroom" weekdays on WNEW radio in New York City, had Tony Bennett as his guest. Tony said that "Bing just loved to sing—you could hear it in every recording. He wasn't concerned with making a hit record or making a song a big success—he simply loved to sing. And he could sing with anybody. There were no ego problems, so he got along well with all sorts of performers." Bennett also made the statement that "Bing 'invented the suburbs,' i.e. golfing, fishing, just kicking back and relaxing." It's nice to hear this testimony from the Great Tony Bennett. He also mentioned Bing on the Regis Philbin show the first part of May.

Deaths. We are sorry to report the death of the wives of four of our members.

Vernon Wesley Taylor's wife, **Molly**, died on February 22 after gallbladder surgery.

Bill Greehy's wife, **Annette**, died on March 5 after a two-year illness.

Al Sutton's wife, **Millie**, died on May 3. Millie was suffering from colon cancer.

We also heard recently of the death of **Frank McAllister's** wife. We have no details.

It has been said that behind every great man there is a great woman. These deaths are sad reminders of that.

You probably have read of the death of **June Crosby**, Bob's wife. Mrs. Crosby, 73, an author of cookbooks and an accomplished public speaker, died on March 20 of heart failure.

The April issue of *Bingtalks* reported the death of **Timothy Clougher** of Massapequa Park, N. Y., a

member of Club Crosby as well as the BINGthings Society.

Our sympathies go to their families.

Dinner Meetings. The fourth annual dinner honoring Bing Crosby, sponsored by the BINGthings Society and the Connecticut Crosby Club, will be held at the Renaissance Hotel, Southbury, Connecticut, on September 11 and 12. For details, write to Bob Lundberg, 5021 57th Ave. Court West, Tacoma, WA 98467-4802.

The Bing's Friends and Collectors Society is also planning a dinner for Bing's fans to be held on the West Coast in September. For more information, write to Hobie and Cathie Wilson, 236 Andrieux St., Sonoma, CA 95476.

Members of all Crosby organizations are invited to attend these events.

About the Crosby Family. Pat Sullivan wrote that Kathryn Crosby has been playing in American Conservatory Theater's (ACT) production of "Charley's Aunt" in San Francisco and is working on the second part of "My Life with Bing." An article in the San Mateo [CA] *Times* says that the family still owns the Hillsborough mansion, but Kathryn has her permanent residence in Genoa, Nevada.

The article also mentions that Mary Frances has a busy acting career in Los Angeles and most recently appeared in three segments of "Murder, She Wrote"; Nathaniel lives in Florida, where he's president of Toney Penna Golf Club Co.; and Harry is an investment broker in mergers and acquisitions and travels to Mexico City to make presentations in Spanish.

From the B.C.H.S. Because of "the combined stress of making a living and at the same time trying to deal with the many problems and responsibilities of the Bing Crosby Historical Society," Quentin Rinehart has resigned as director of the Society. Ken Twiss has returned to preside over operations there, aided by a full-time assistant. Having been forced out from the Pantages building, the Society is now at 728 Broadway. Welcome back, Ken!

Al Jolson Society. Those of you who enjoyed the article on Bing and Al Jolson in the December issue might be interested in joining Al's fan club. The address is: The International Al Jolson Society; Dolores Kontowicz, President; 11520 West James Ave.; Franklin WI 53132. Dues are \$15 per year, and two 50-plus page journals are issued each year. Our thanks go to Greg Van Beek for this information.

15 Years Ago! It doesn't seem possible that it has been nearly 15 years since we lost Bing, but it is true. It seems like only yesterday that Mark and I were preparing the issue that commemorated the tenth anniversary of Bing's death. Where does the time go?

In this issue we have included several articles that were published around the time that Bing left us, including the long obituary from the *New York Times*, also a couple of articles from rather unusual sources, like *Rolling Stone*. We hope that you will find these to be a good addition to your scrapbooks of Crosby material.

We miss you, Bing, and we always will!

Your Gifts Are Appreciated! Every now and then, some of you write your membership dues check for more than the required amount — a little extra for "postage" or "the kitty." This generosity helps us maintain the high standards that Mark and I seek for our journal. Because of the pressures of time, we don't always get around to writing you a thank-you note, but rest assured that each and every contribution is welcomed and appreciated.

We also continue to be grateful to our members for the original articles, clippings, and other information sent to the Club. Without your assistance and generosity, *Bingang* would be difficult, if not impossible, to put together.

More About White Christmas. You will recall that in the December 1990 issue, we printed Pete Cakanic's article "Bing and the Vietnam War." This piece told about the use of Bing's recording of *White Christmas* to signal the evacuation of Americans from Nam.

A kind of postscript to this story was published in the April/May 1992 issue of the Bing's Friends and Collectors Society *Newsletter*. We will repeat the gist of it here.

Jim Watt, a disc jockey at station KAFE, Santa Rosa, Calif. — when he was working over there for the Armed Forces Radio and Television Service — wanted to play *White Christmas* for the troops at Christmas time 1970. A copy of it was nowhere to be found. Some friends finally provided a tape of this recording, and Jim played it on Christmas day.

He promptly got calls from "all kinds of bird colonels and generals going beserk." No one at the station knew anything about the ban on the use of this song or what the playing of it was supposed to signify.

Jim almost got us out of Vietnam five years earlier than we were supposed to be out of there. He thinks that might have been a good thing, but we will leave that to our readers' judgement. He adds that he escaped from out from under that by the nape of his neck!

In Memoriam
RENA ALBANESI
Died 1991
President Club Crosby
1956-1971

MEMORIES OF BING
BY RENA ALBANESI

Pat Sullivan felt that the best tribute to Rena Albanesi would be to reprint one of Rena's Bingang articles. We agreed, and here is an abridged version of an article she wrote for the September 1978 issue of our journal.

My memories of Bing are truly many, as I have been a fan and admirer for over 30 years, since my high school days to be exact.

My 15 years as president of "The Club Crosby" is at the top of the list. There was always the best cooperation from Bing and his office. I was also very grateful for the help and patience of Larry Crosby, who received and answered my many pleas for help. It was a labor of love, and I enjoyed every minute of those years.

I did quite a bit of corresponding with Bing over the years. My many letters, thank-you notes, Christmas cards, and Christmas gifts I will treasure always. My first letter was sent to me in 1946, when I wrote for and received an autographed photo and continued after I stepped down as president in 1971. The last letter I received was dated July 15, 1977, just before Bing left for England. At this time I also received an 8 x 10 photo signed, "To Rena, All the Best, Bing," and since I didn't ask for one, I was thrilled to receive it. My letters from Bing always started "Dear Rena," and when I signed my letters I never used my last name. I found out while in California last year from Priscilla that the mail from Priscilla, Pat and myself was always put on his desk at home (where he wrote), while all the others were sent to the Beverly Hills office. I was most pleased and happy to hear this.

His many appearances on radio and television were always great to look forward to. There were many memorable television appearances, *The Edsel*



Rena Albanesi and Priscilla Koernig

Show in 1957 (which won a Peabody Award); the many appearances on the Hollywood Palace; the Christmas shows; the appearances with Bob Hope, especially the one from the Waldorf-Astoria (Eisenhower Medical Center Show); and the television show from the new Madison Square Garden, the last appearance for his 50th anniversary, and many others.

His many movies are another memory: musicals, comedy, and drama. I saw special showings of *Anything Goes* and *Just For You* and attended the premiere of *Country Girl* in New York.

His many recordings of all kinds of music brought me the greatest pleasure. They lifted my spirits when I was low, made me dream of the "Far Away Places" he sang of, and put me in a holiday mood when I was not.

The times I saw him in person are my best memories: meeting him arriving at Penn Station in 1950 and Grand Central in 1952; seeing both him and Lindsay off on the Queen Elizabeth in 1953; seeing him again at his Pebble Beach Golf Tournament in 1960 and at several radio shows he recorded in New York. Of course, the one and only time I saw him perform in person was on December 10, 1976 in New York at the Uris Theatre.

When the terrible news came, I was in San Francisco on vacation. Thanks to Priscilla, I was able to attend a special mass at Our Lady of the Angels.

It will never be the same without Bing, but I do feel proud to have been a fan and a friend. (Some of Bing's letters closed with "your friend.") As Bob Hope said, "With all his glorious records and great films, we haven't lost Bing at all. He's still with us." How very true, and as Bob says, "Thanks for my many memories," Bing.

The Rest of the Story

By Mark Scrimger

Borrowing an idea from Paul Harvey, this article tells the rest of the story behind Bing's record-breaking 29-week engagement at the New York Paramount Theatre. What made this such a triumph for Bing was the fact that four years earlier (as a member of the Paul Whiteman Orchestra in 1927), Bing flopped miserably on this very same stage. The memory of this failure early in his career still unsettled Bing over 25 years later when he recalled it during the writing of *Call Me Lucky*. You'll find this excerpt on the next page. Also in keeping with the theme of "The Rest of the Story," this article contains more pictures of the theatre itself that I have uncovered since doing the original piece.

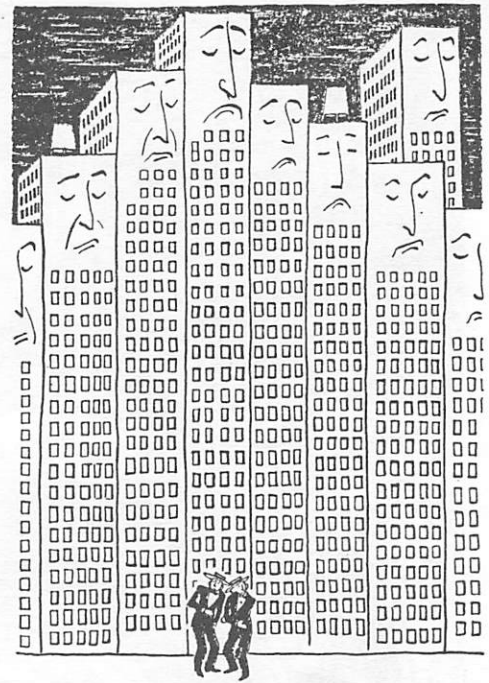


The exterior of the Paramount has always been a prominent sight on Times Square. Broadway's first great clock tower caps a series of setbacks. A flashing sphere, a globe intended to symbolize world conquest by the motion picture, is perched on top of the building, 450 feet above street level. The globe is fourteen feet in diameter, with ninety squares of glass sheeted with copper. It was designed to indicate the hour by a flash of color, red for odd hours and white for even. In this picture the building can be seen over Bing's left shoulder.

Heading east by way of Cleveland, we wound up in New York, where the team of Rinker and Crosby ran into a giant road block. We went on at the Paramount and did exactly what we'd been doing in all the cities, in which—to be immodest—we'd killed the citizens, but in New York, with the same songs, sung the same way, we died. I couldn't explain it then. I can't now. We sang the same stuff we'd put on our records, which had sold well. Whatever it was, the big city didn't want any part of us.

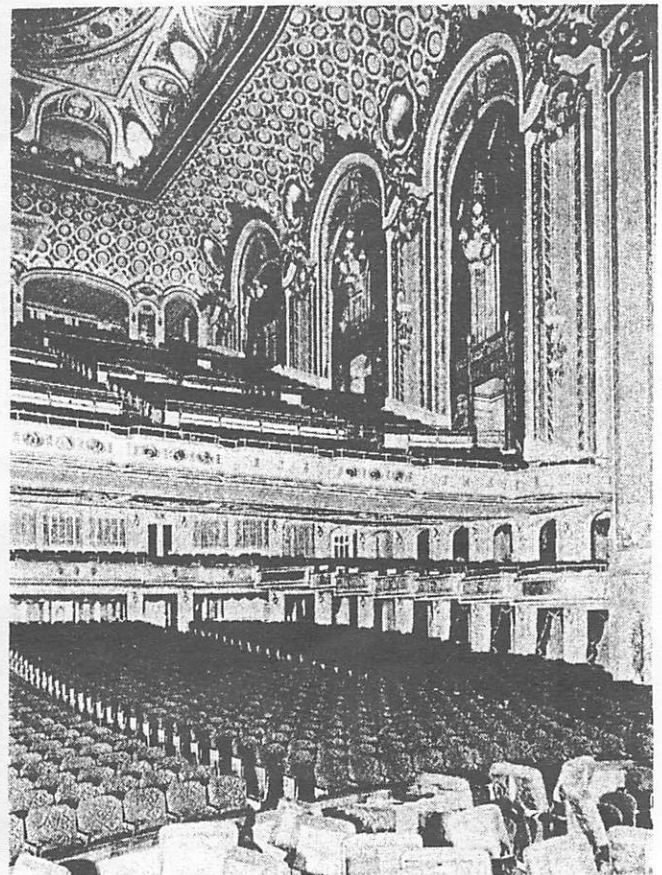
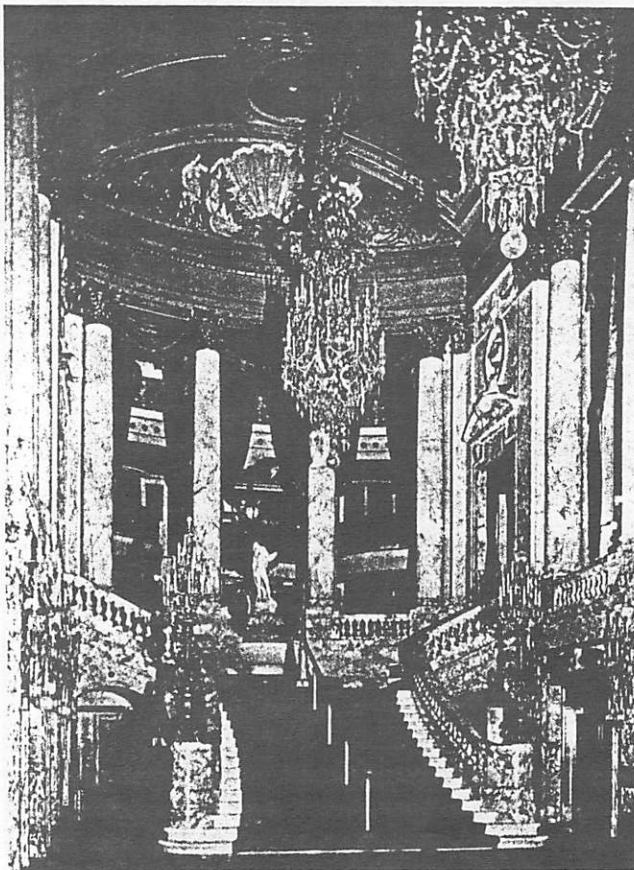
We were prepared to go back to Los Angeles or even to Spokane. If we'd never got anywhere or done anything, the blow wouldn't have been so lethal. But to come into New York, the pinnacle of show business, full of hope and confidence, and end up with egg on our faces, just standing there in our high-button shoes with our teeth in our mouths, was heartbreak.

Pops Whiteman stuck with us for a show or two, but after that he was driven to various dodges to keep us active. Among other things, we did a turn in the lobby at the Paramount to entertain the overflow. There was usually a crowd milling around there waiting for the next show, and Al and I went out with a little piano and sang for them, but we got even less response than we had on the stage. The people in the lobby were concerned only with how soon they were going to be seated, and they paid little or no attention to us, although some kindly disposed waiters gave us half a bag of popcorn or a swatch of peanut brittle.

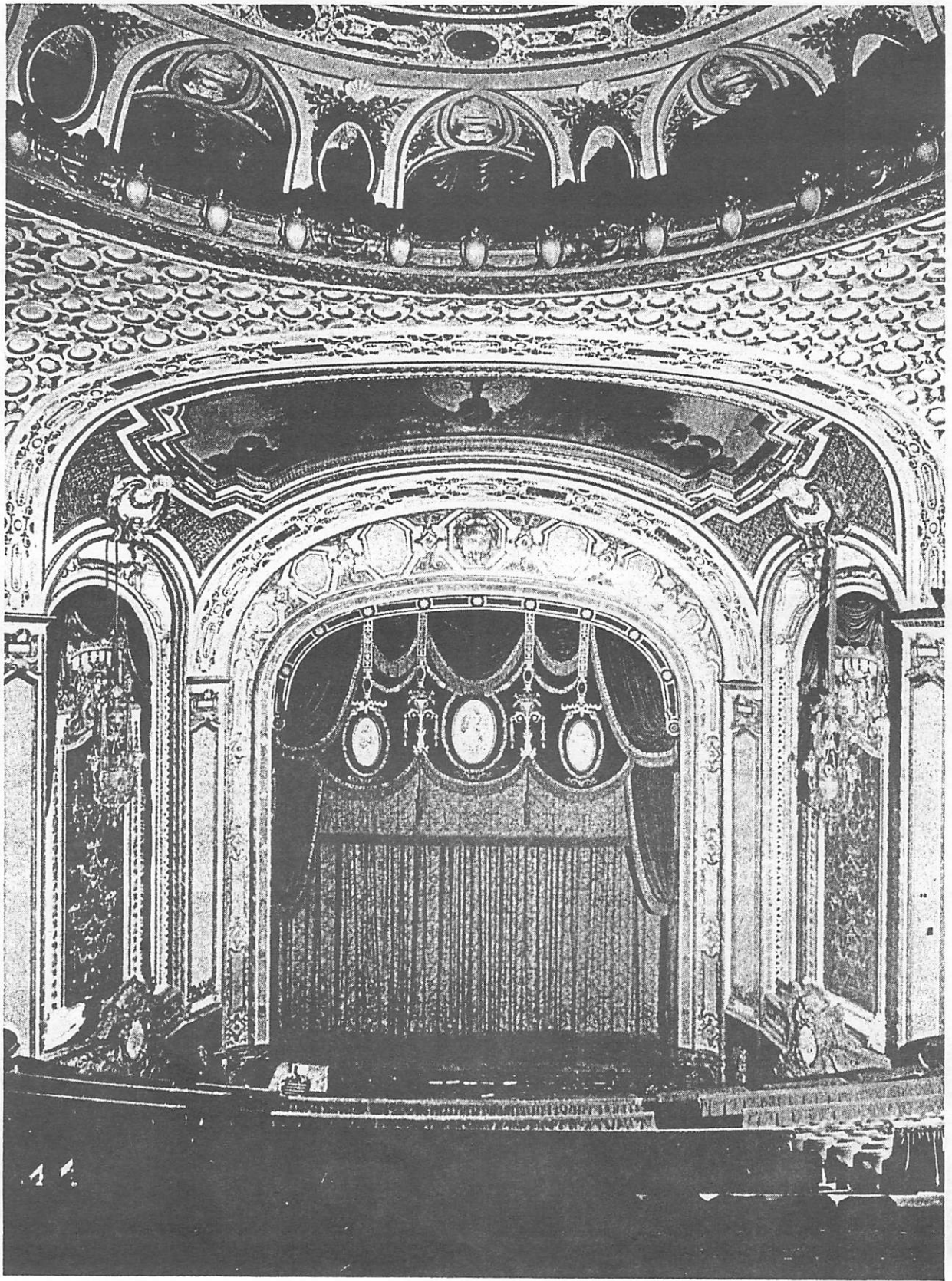


From "Call Me Lucky"

New York had us licked.



The low ceiling of the Hall of Nations opened into the imposing Grand Hall. Over \$500,000 worth of marble was used to build the columns that ringed this space. A quarry in Italy that had been closed for forty years was reopened to fill the order for the stone. The French Renaissance auditorium contained a gallery promenade built into the ceiling dome. The promenade was meant for use by patrons awaiting the next show. Eventually the theater management was forced to close the area because of noise drifting down into the auditorium.



The Paramount's constricted Times Square site made for a tall, narrow auditorium.



World Premiere
TOMORROW
(WEDNESDAY)

Going my way

with
BING CROSBY
BARRY FITZGERALD
and **RISE STEVENS**
Famous Contralto of
Metropolitan Opera Association
B. G. DeSylva, Executive Producer
Produced and directed by Leo McCarey

IN PERSON
"The Man Who Plays The Sweetest
Trumpet In The World"

CHARLIE SPIVAK
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Featuring **IRENE DAE • ERIK SAUNDERS**
plus **TIP, TAP & TOE**

Extra! **WESSON BROS.**
N.Y. TIMES 2 MAY 1944

Doors Open at 8:30 A.M.
Times Square
PARAMOUNT

Another milestone in Bing's career was his Oscar-winning performance in the film "Going My Way." The World Premiere was held appropriately enough on May 3, 1944 (Bing's birthday) at the New York Paramount. The picture above shows the Broadway marquee. It is accompanied by another one of Jean-Paul Frereault's wonderful New York Times ads.

A Visit to Gonzaga

By Samuel H. Fleshman

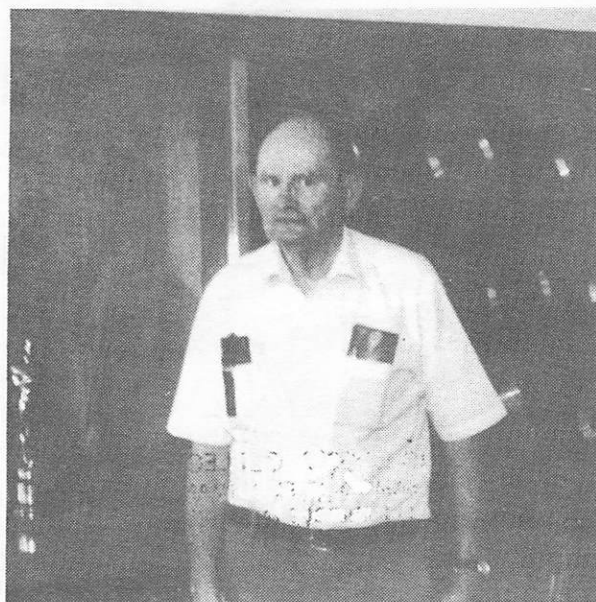
Last year I had the pleasure of going to Spokane, Wash. to the Crosby Library at Gonzaga University. It was interesting, as they had quite a few of Bing's honors on display including his Academy Award for *Going My Way*. The curator (Rev. Arthur L. Dussault) had died shortly before, so it was pretty much a self-guided tour.



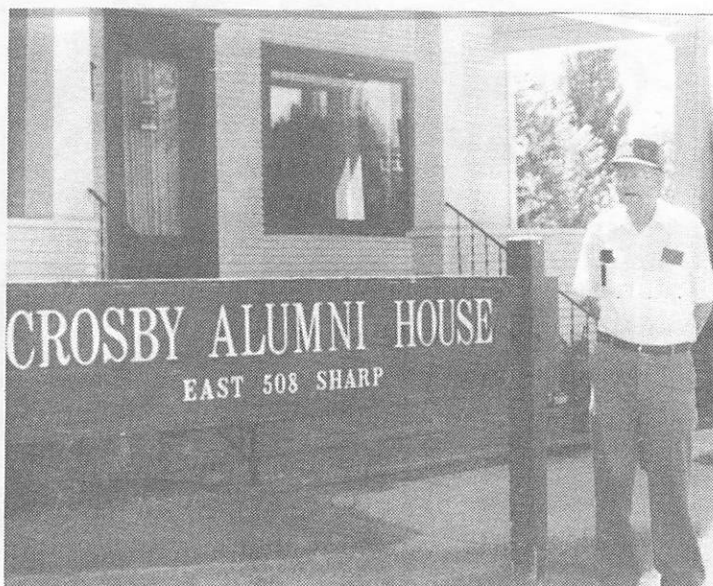
Shaking hands with Bing in front of his library.



Some of Bing's trophies in the library at Gonzaga.



Bing's Oscar and gold records at the library.



At the former Crosby home at East 508 Sharp

Forty years ago I had an experience with Bing that could have made me bitter toward him. Back in the late 40's and early 50's, Bing's first bunch of sons attended a preparatory school in San Jose, Calif. (They weren't little angels, either.) Bing came to San Jose for a benefit for the school. After the show, a bunch of us were talking to Bing outside. We were all in a circle, and when Bing decided to leave, he left. The problem was that I was in his way. He ran into me, down I went, and he kept going after muttering, "Sorry." The last I saw of him was his coattails flapping in the breeze. I have collected Bing for over 50 years, since 1939. I liked him then and I like him now.

What's Up, Bing?

Bing and the
Warner Bros. Cartoons

By Brian Pearce

Editor's Note: When we found out that Brian Pearce is as fond of the old Warner Brothers cartoons as your editor (and is certainly much more of an expert), we asked him to do a piece about the caricatures of Bing Crosby that appeared in those animated classics. Here is his article:

According to a terrific reference book I have on the Warner Brothers' cartoons (*Looney Tunes and Merrie Melodies: A Complete Illustrated Guide to the Warner Brothers Cartoons*, by Jerry Beck and Will Friedwald), and on my memory — since it hasn't exactly been cross-referenced for appearances of Bing Crosby — his caricature appeared in several Warners cartoons.

Since the basic list is mostly from memory, the list is by no means complete.

Crosby Caricatures

I'VE GOT TO SING A TORCH SONG (as Cros Bingsby). 1933.

LET IT BE ME (as Mister Bingo, a bird. . . and a cad. The voice is meant to be his, but the caricature and persona aren't.) 1936.

BINGO CROSBYANA (as Bingo Crosbyana, a cockroach. . . and also a cad. Again, the voice is meant to be his, but the caricature and persona aren't.) 1936.

An interesting footnote at this point is that Crosby apparently objected to this particular use of his voice or likeness.

According to the *Hollywood Reporter* from August 5, 1936, "The Crosby Corporation has demanded that Warners cease distribution and exhibition of this reel. The demand states that Crosby's voice is imitated and the character of *BINGO CROSBYANA* is shown as a 'vainglorious coward.'"

More acceptable caricatures followed, this time based on his personality, voice, or his public persona:

TOY TOWN HALL (as part of a radio broadcast, re-using animation from *LET IT BE ME*). 1936.

THE WOODS ARE FULL OF CUCKOOS (as Bing Crowsby). 1937.

WHOLLY SMOKE (along with Rudy Vallee as a "Crooner" cigar, a play on Corona cigars). 1938.

SLAP HAPPY PAPPY (as a barnyard chicken, demonstrating to a caricature of Eddie Cantor

why he has so many sons. . . his singing causes hens to lay eggs containing only male offspring). 1940.

HOLLYWOOD STEPS OUT (also features Bing Crosby's horse). 1941.

THE SWOONER CROONER (as a chicken again. This time his singing causes hens to lay eggs.) 1944.

HOLLYWOOD CANINE CANTEEN (as a dog). 1946.

CATCH AS CATS CAN (as a parrot conspiring to kill a canary caricature of Frank Sinatra. At the end of the cartoon, Sylvester eats the parrot and adopts the Crosby hat, pipe and mannerisms!) 1948.

CURTAIN RAZOR (as Bingo, a chicken). 1949.

WHAT'S UP DOC? (as an unemployed entertainer, down on his luck). 1950.

Crosby's Voice Only

CROSBY, COLUMBO AND VALLEE (as part of a radio broadcast, also a babbling brook that imitates him). 1932.

I ONLY HAVE EYES FOR YOU (A stuttering iceman tries to woo a girl by imitating her favorite radio idols.) 1937.

THE PENGUIN PARADE (as Bon Crispy, a penguin, with no specific resemblance in the caricature). 1938.

WHAT'S COOKIN' DOC? (Bugs Bunny does his impression.) 1944.

HOLLYWOOD DAFFY (Daffy Duck does *his* impression.) 1946.

Jokes About Crosby's Horse, A Source of Much Humor in the Warner Cartoons

PORKY'S PREVIEW (at Santa Anita). 1941.

HOLLYWOOD STEPS OUT (Also contains a caricature.) 1941.

THE OLD GREY HARE (In the year 2000 Elmer Fudd reads a newspaper and exclaims "What's this? Bing Crosby's horse hasn't come in yet?") 1944.

Miscellaneous Mention of Bing

BABY BOTTLENECK. 1946.

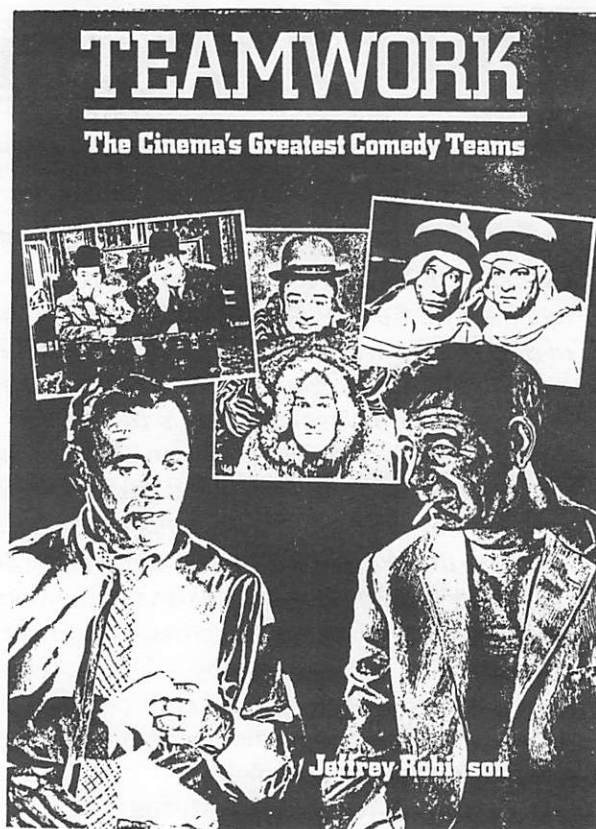
And that's all I could come up with. I ended up browsing over my books to find the titles of cartoons I couldn't remember and decided to include all the extra information.

Hope, Crosby + Lamour

By Jeffrey Robinson

The Films Of Hope, Crosby and Lamour

The Road To Singapore - 1940 - Paramount
The Road To Zanzibar - 1941 - Paramount
The Road To Morocco - 1942 - Paramount
The Road To Utopia - 1945 - Paramount
The Road To Rio - 1948 - Paramount
The Road To Bali - 1952 - Paramount
The Road To Hong Kong - 1962 - United Artists



1837-21

This article on the Road pictures is a chapter from a book entitled "Teamwork" published in 1982. Although Hope and Crosby weren't strictly a comedy team as were others dealt with in this book such as Laurel and Hardy or Abbott and Costello, it does pay homage to their unique screen chemistry and their contribution to cinema history.

They weren't really meant to be part of a series. At least not in the beginning. The "Road" pictures were done one by one. And it took more than two decades to do all seven. Yet now, more than twenty years since the last "Road" flick was put into the can, Bob Hope, Bing Crosby and Dorothy Lamour are unmistakably as much a comedy team in their own right as the "Road" pictures are a series.

Seven films, held together by three familiar faces, made funny by carefully mixing throw away lines with visual comedy to recreate a certain charm once found on radio. And without radio, the "Road" pictures probably would never have happened.

As the 1930s started drawing to a close, radio was firmly established in America as the family's first line of entertainment. Vaudeville, the stage show, was suffering. For the most part, burlesque was gone. The stars had abandoned the six-shows-a-day grind for the easy work/big money areas of film and radio. And sure, Hollywood was at the height of what might be called the movies' greatest era. But, in order to take in a film you had to leave the house. Listening to radio was something you could do with your slippers on in the comfort of your own living-room. There were weekly visits from "The Shadow" who knew what evils lay in the hearts of men, and who spent thirty minutes one night a week bringing those evils to justice. Then there was Bing to "croon" his latest single. And a whole slew of folk to make the country laugh. Fields. Benny. Burns and Allen. Bob Hope. Fred Allen. Amos 'n' Andy. Fibber McGee and Molly. But when it came to comedy, radio had the same effect on material that television continues to have today . . . all consuming. With ten or fifteen million people tuning in to your jokes, you could only use them once. In the beginning of radio, vaudeville routines worked as well as they did when vaudeville first went to the movie lots. But they wore out quickly. Radio comedy eased into a more intimate style, a low-key approach that gave radio a "folksy", more "livingroom and slippers" feel.

By the time radio comedies were heading west to debut in the movies, it was movie comedy that changed. Films took on that radio flavour. And the "Road" pictures were born.

Starting with Bing and Bob doing their radio patter, Hollywood developed a formula that worked in all seven of the "Road" films. One element is a romantic setting. Another is the plot . . . it should include some friendly competition for the heroine's love, five or six songs, and enough asides to the camera to make it seem as if Hope and Crosby were actually making fun of the film. Whether they were fortune hunting or trying to make their own fortune by selling a better mousetrap, they must always come off looking like good-hearted con men. Dorothy Lamour can be the object of every-

one's affections but, because Bing is the straightman, he wins the girl. He can be the conniver, but Bob must then be the innocent victim. If Bob gets into trouble . . . funny trouble . . . he must somehow try to drag Bing into it with him.

Hope isn't Chaplin. Crosby isn't Barrymore. And Lamour isn't Jane Fonda. But they clicked and that was enough to make the "Road" pictures work.

Of course, each of them was already a star when they made the first one, *The Road To Singapore*.

Bing was born with the name of Harry Lillis Crosby, and had been a band singer with Paul Whiteman before going into films with Mack Sennett in 1931. From there he went into radio and, by the time he returned to films, he was the first successful radio singer to become established as a film star.

Bob was born Leslie Towne Hope, and had been a vaudevillian before going into radio, then films. Whilst he could sing a little, and do a competent soft-shoe, he built his reputation on his ability to wise-crack. He could always come up with the right line which, at the same time as being funny, also had a somewhat self-effacing quality to it. "Bing's my oldest friend," he would say. "We often play golf together, you know. But that's all over. Would you play golf with a guy who cheats? A guy who picks up the ball when nobody's looking and throws it towards the hole? Of course you wouldn't. Neither will Crosby."

Dorothy Lamour was born Mary Leta Dorothy Kaumeyer and was voted Miss New Orleans in 1931. She worked as a band singer in Chicago, before becoming a radio performer, and then going on to wear a sarong in a film which so scandalized middle-America that she became a star.

Lamour and Hope worked together in Bob's first film, *The Big Broadcast Of 1938*, a Paramount effort. It was a film worth noting because in it Bob Hope sang *Thanks For The Memory*. Trivia fans will be delighted to know that he sang it with Shirley Ross. The song won an Academy Award and immediately became Hope's theme song. Bob and Bing made their screen debut together in a little known film later that same year. It was a short that Paramount put together about golf called *Don't Hook Now*. But it wasn't until 1940 that Bob, Bing and Dorothy became the inseparable team that wound their way through seven pictures "on the road."

The script for *The Road To Singapore* had been sitting on various desks at Paramount for quite a while. The studio executives wanted to make the film but they weren't sure who to cast. For a while there was talk about using Fred MacMurray and Jack Oakie. Also on the list of possibles was George Burns and Gracie Allen. You can only guess what might have happened to any of their careers had they won the roles. As it turned out, the names Hope, Crosby and Lamour finally emerged on top, and the picture swung into production.

Written by two talented and funny guys, Frank Butler and Don Hartman . . . the same pair who would also do the next two "Road" pictures . . . the supporting cast included Charles Coburn, Anthony Quinn and Jerry Colonna. The storyline is about marriage . . . or rather, how to avoid getting married. Bing plays Josh and Bob plays Ace, two friends just back from sea who are rudely informed that Ace will be forced to marry. A trap had been set to catch him, and once they punch

their way out of it, they are then told by Josh's father that Josh has been betrothed and will also have to marry. The answer for both is a fast trip out of town . . . all the way to Kaigoon, an island south of Singapore. That's where Josh and Ace bump into Mima, played by Dorothy Lamour. She is a dancer who needs saving from the evil Caesar, which is just what Josh and Ace manage to do. But when they wake up the next morning, they find that Mima has pawned all of their worldly goods to buy food, and plans on moving in with them. Stuck for funds, Ace decides to sell spot remover to the natives . . . except the spot remover doesn't work, and usually leaves a worse spot than the one it was supposed to remove. It also leaves Josh and Ace and Mima in the awkward situation of having to flee from the dissatisfied customers. They head for the hills where they "go native" by dressing themselves in table cloths and turbans. During a native feast, Ace wonders about a certain dance which seems to be followed by boys and girls going off together into the forest. He's told it's the marriage ceremony, which Josh unknowingly is in the midst of. Trying to save his friend, he's stopped when, out of nowhere, Josh's father shows up with the girl betrothed to Josh. But Josh says he loves Mima. Now so does Ace. They decide to let her choose between them and she chooses Ace, even though she secretly loves Josh. Dejected, Josh leaves on an around the world trip with his father and betrothed. Then the cops show up looking for Ace . . . they don't like the way he's been selling that spot remover . . . and he and Mima are forced to escape. They sail home. During the trip Ace comes to understand that Mima really loves Josh, who just happens to find them when they arrive home. Mima falls into his arms. The cops try to nab Ace . . . and now the three of them run off together.

The whole business was so ridiculous that it struck 1940 audiences as being very funny. The difference between this first "Road" film and all the others is a minor one, in that here it's Hope who does all the scheming. In the others, it's Crosby. The film worked so well, the producers decided to try another one just like it. Butler and Hartman sat down at their typewriters, changed the setting, in some ways simplified the plot, and basically came up with the same movie.

In *The Road To Zanzibar*, Bing is called Chuck and Bob is called Fearless. They're working in a carnival where Fearless happens to be the fairly reluctant human cannon ball. "I don't mind being drafted," he says as Bing stuffs him into the cannon's muzzle, "but not for ammunition." When he's fired, a dummy shoots through the air, slams into a tent, inadvertently causes a fire and the carnival burns to the ground. Chuck and Fearless must escape. Instead of running to Singapore, they head for darkest Africa. There they come across the beautiful slavegirl Donna . . . Dorothy Lamour . . . being sold on the market by a woman named Julia, played un Una Merkel. They buy Donna, not realizing that she and Julia have worked it out to split the profits. Donna then tells them that she must go to see her father who lives on the other side of Africa. Fearless is suspicious but Chuck falls for her story and organizes a safari. It's not until they find themselves deep in the heart of jungle that they discover this is just a story Donna has invented to get transported across the continent so that she can go to the rich man who has promised to marry her.

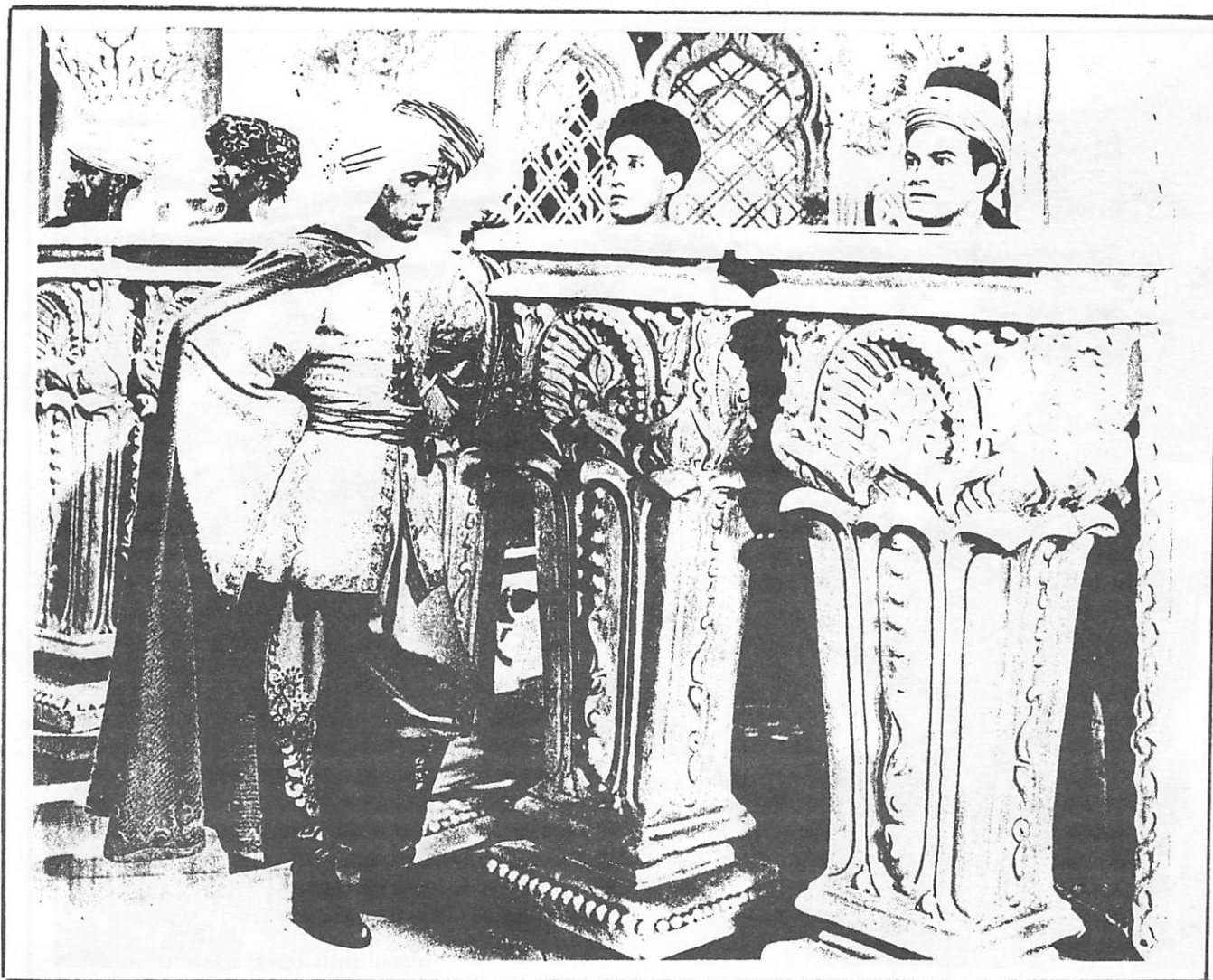
Annoyed at being used, Chuck and Fearless abandon Donna, leaving her with the native guides, and try to go back on their own. Immediately they fall into the hands of a savage tribe. Their only hope for survival is to wrestle with, and beat, the tribe's highly esteemed ape. Naturally it's Chuck who volunteers Fearless' services to wrestle the gorilla. Naturally they manage to get away, finally arriving back at the coast where they plan to buy tickets for the journey home. But when Chuck takes their money and goes off to purchase the tickets, he comes back with Donna and Julia who were still working their slave girl scam. Now Donna admits she has fallen for Chuck, and the four of them decide they'll all sail back to America. But tickets for four cost twice as much as tickets for two, so Fearless works out a scheme to raise money. They'll do a few magic tricks . . . like sawing a woman in half. And just as they begin their performance, Bing asks, "You sure you know how to do this?" Saw in hand, Bob closes the film with, "if not, one of us will go back half fare."

Besides the similarity in the plots, a number of gags also reappear in the second film. One of them is the "Pat-a-cake" routine. Whenever Bob and Bing have to fight their way out of a situation, instead of immediately throwing punches they play the children's game of pat-a-cake . . . slapping their hands together to a familiar rhyme. They then punch whoever is standing nearby. They used it several times in *Singapore*, and it became a kind of signal to the audience that a fight would happen. At one point in *Zanzibar*, with the villain lurking nearby, they begin the routine, only to be punched first by the villain. Hope's retort, "He must have seen the picture." That's the first time that either Hope or Crosby step out of a picture with an aside. It's a gag they used throughout the rest of the "Road" pictures, and because they actually make fun of themselves, it might be the most endearing of all the running gags.

It was certainly one of the devices that gave the "Road" films that familiar, relaxed radio programme quality. And because it worked so well in *Zanzibar*, they made sure they used it several times in the next epic, *The Road To Morocco*.

The third of the "Road" pictures in as many years, this one is probably the best of the Butler/Hartman efforts, and looking back, it might well be the best of the Hope and Crosby and Lamour efforts as well. "Just like Webster's Dictionary," they sang, "we're Morocco bound." Bing played Jeff and Bob played Turkey, and as they ride across the desert on the back of a camel, the aside comes, "I'll lay you eight to five that we'll meet Dorothy Lamour." That's followed with the assurance that no matter what the adventure is, "Paramount won't let anything happen to us. We're signed for five more years." Later, as Hope starts to explain the plot, Crosby cuts in with, "I know that." Hope says, "Yeah, but the people who came in the middle of the picture don't." Crosby asks astoundedly, "You mean they missed my song?" The asides in this one go so far astray from the main line of the film, that there is even a camel who looks right at the camera and mumbles, "This is the screwiest picture I was ever in."

The Road To Morocco is also the picture that got Hope and Crosby and Lamour started on outlandish sight gags. Bob, wearing curved-toed Arab shoes gets



kissed by Dorothy, and the shoes uncurl. "Now kiss him on the nose," suggests Bing, "and see if you can straighten that out."

The plot, which becomes less and less important with each film, gets Jeff and Turkey to Morocco by using the device of having them shipwrecked off the coast. In need of money, Jeff sells Turkey for 2,500 kolacks. But later that night in the middle of a bad dream, he regrets the act and tries to find his friend. Turkey, in the meantime, has been taken to the royal palace where he is to be married by the woman who bought him, Princess Shalmar, played by Dorothy Lamour. Jeff immediately sets out to change places with Turkey. At the same time, the desert chieftain Mullay, played by a fierce Anthony Quinn, hears of the impending marriage, feels jilted and insists on an explanation from the Princess' private counsellor. He tells Mullay not to worry because it is written in the stars that the Princess' first husband will die within a week of the marriage. Turkey learns of his fate when he comes across a pair of guys carving his epitaph in stone. He then suggests Jeff take over as fiancé. All looks good for Jeff . . . at least he thinks so . . . until the private counsellor realizes he made a mistake in his prediction about the marriage, and tries to convince the Princess not to proceed with it and that she must marry Mullay. Shalmar, however, has fallen for Jeff and wants to go ahead with the wedding. Mullay decides to take the

matter into his own hands, and kidnaps Jeff and Turkey. Shalmar sends them a magic ring, which Turkey puts on and mumbles, "Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle." It transforms him instantly into a monkey. The monkey escapes the cell, defeats the guards, and transforms back into Turkey who helps Jeff escape. The two put on the guards' costumes, darken their faces and try to infiltrate the wedding of Shalmar and Mullay. By sprinkling gun powder into the pipe tobacco, they cause a total riot, during which Jeff and Turkey and Shalmar run off together into the night. Sounds familiar?

As one critic put it, "Hope and Crosby had a wider appeal than most other comics of their day. Traditionally comedians like Abbott and Costello appealed to a male audience. These 'Road' pictures, however, managed to appeal to both sexes perhaps because they so successfully interwove the romance of girl-chasing with the glamour of fortune hunting. Also, Hope and Crosby offered a certain sex-appeal that female audiences welcomed. Of course the timing of the films worked in their favour too. The early ones were made for war-time audiences . . . people who were looking for pure escapism." As another reviewer of the day explained, "They offered a depiction of a simpler, more adventurous way of life in which two companions of nerve and whimsy could toss conformism to the winds." He compared them to a modern version of



Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn, which could well be the best comparison possible . . . like Tom and Huck, the trio of Bob and Bing and Dorothy went off in search of fun.

It wasn't until the end of the war that they came up with number four, *The Road To Utopia*. And for this film they took a small chance by tampering ever so slightly with the formula. This was a "period" piece. Although it opens with Mr. and Mrs. Chester Hooten . . . Bob and Dorothy . . . in 1945 or so, it flashed back thirty five years, to the turn of the century. The Hootens hear a voice at their front door and it turns out to be Duke Johnson . . . Bing Crosby . . . a long lost friend.

The three discuss the old days . . . and the time lapse drifts in. Dorothy is in search of a lost Alaskan gold mine that actually belonged to her father. Bob and Bing also happen to be on their way to Alaska, and by chance, they stumble across a map with directions to the same gold mine. Realizing that there is a great possibility of danger, Bob and Bing tear the map in half . . . setting up one of the gags that runs through the film of who's got the other half. When they first meet Dorothy, she's taken a job singing in a local Skagway saloon. She soon finds out that Bing has the map . . . doesn't realize it's only half . . . and manages to have it stolen by people she thinks are her friends. But no one in Skagway should be trusted, at least not when gold mines are at stake. Everybody tries to double cross

everybody else, except Bob and Bing and Dorothy, and anyway, they've only got half the map most of the time. By the time they manage to rescue the other half and having heard Dorothy's story, they've sided with her. Then the two guys who originally stole the map from her father arrive on the scene. It eventually comes down to a stand-off, where Bing holds back the adversaries, allowing Bob and Dorothy to escape. And that's how they lose touch of Bing for the next 35 years.

It's all fairly silly.

The one thing that saves the film is the slew of asides. Even today they're kind of funny. For instance . . . Bob and Bing take part in an amateur talent contest and lose. Bob mumbles, "Next time I'll bring Sinatra." For instance . . . Bing shows up at Bob's place and Bob mumbles, "And I thought this was going to be an A picture." For instance . . . while crossing the great northern tundra, Bob points to a mountain and says, "Bread and butter." Crosby makes like he doesn't understand. He says, "That's a mountain." No, Hope says, "Looks like bread and butter to me." And that's when the mountain they're staring at suddenly takes on the same features as the familiar Paramount mountain shown at the opening of each of their films. For instance . . . Bob and Bing are in a ship's boiler room, working their way up to Alaska, and an extremely well dressed chap comes walking through. They wonder, "Are you in this picture?" And he tells them, "No," as he walks by, "I'm just taking a short cut to Stage 10."

For instance . . . and finally . . . at various times during the film, Robert Benchley appears in a small cameo at the corner of the screen, there to explain various bits and pieces to the audience, such as, "This is a device known as a flashback."

With *The Road To Rio* three years later, they returned to the usual "Road" picture formula, and surrounded it with the famous Brazilian carnival. Bing and Bob play Scat Sweeney and Hot Lips Barton, a pair of musicians who can't manage to find work anywhere except at small town fairs. It seems they once worked regularly in Hollywood, but Scat likes ladies and is especially fond of squandering Hot Lips' money. Because they are short of funds, Scat signs Hot Lips up as a high-wire acrobat with a tent-show. They had already used the human cannon ball gag. When Hop Lips falls off his high-wire bicycle, he manages to totally wreck the show. Forced to escape the wrath of the owner, they stow away on a ship bound for Rio. Because stow-aways can't have first class cabins, they're relegated to sleeping in a life-boat. All would probably have gone smoothly for them, except that the beautiful Lucia . . . played by you know who . . . has decided to jump overboard. Scat saves her. It seems she is upset about being forced into a marriage by her nasty aunt who has been secretly hypnotizing her. Not surprisingly, Scat and Lucia instantly fall in love.

Thanks to Lucia's influence, Scat and Hot Lips are permitted to leave the life-boat for better quarters, having agreed to work their way to Rio as members of the ship's orchestra. But Lucia is still in danger, as her aunt has two henchmen to watch out for her. When the ship arrives in Rio, Scat and Hot Lips smuggle Lucia ashore, enlist the help of three Brazilian musicians and form a band called the Dixie Hotshots. They get a job in a fancy nightspot, and with Lucia as the girl-singer, they become instant stars. But the nasty aunt hypnotizes Lucia into getting Scat and Hot Lips fired, then hypnotizes Scat and Hot Lips into believing that they are a pair of French counts who are about to fight a duel. However, before they kill each other, they come out of the spell, realize why Lucia has been acting so strangely, and rush off to save her from the forced marriage. Luckily, they arrive in the nick of time, hypnotize the nasty aunt, prevent the wedding, overpower the two henchmen, and save Lucia forever.

Gale Sondergaard as the nasty aunt is wonderful. But most of the critics found the film a "little light." Writing in the London *Evening Standard*, Margaret Lane felt the picture belonged to Bob Hope. "Crosby in this film does no more than expertly support and foil him (meaning Hope), and Lamour's job is simply to be the tethered lamb for the two of them to prowl around in a South American setting." Hope, she said, "had the indispensable quality, too, of touching our affections. There is something childlike in his optimism and cowardice which stirs the fondness we feel for all good clowns." Yet she added, Hope lacks "that other essential without which no funny man can indefinitely survive. He lacks good material."

A few of the gags in the film are very funny. When they come aboard the ship as stowaways, Bing is dressed like a butcher and Bob is dressed in a lamb's costume, carried onboard by Bing to be hung in a meat locker. At one point, Dorothy tells Bob, "I find myself saying things and I don't know why I say them." He

suggests, "Why don't you just run for Congress and forget about us?"

But that's really about as far as it goes. Even the Paramount people must have felt that a few extra punches were needed, because *Rio* was the first of the "Road" pictures to use guest stars. The Andrews Sisters showed up in this one, and so did the Wiere Brothers. As one chronicler on the Hope and Crosby and Lamour days put it, "It appeared that the Paramount script department had run out of variations on the tripartite theme."

It took everyone five years before they could come up with another stab at that theme. This time it was *The Road To Bali*. Quoting directly from a Paramount press release which is supposed to explain the story, "Like it's five predecessors, *The Road To Bali* never makes sense at any point. The so-called plot is merely a framework on which Crosby and Hope hang their preposterous gags and at no time do they allow it to get in the way of a laugh. Designed strictly for fun, this unusual formula enables them frequently to step out of character to 'rib' each other, their friends and Hollywood. The story concerns the adventures of two second-rate vaudevillians, played by Crosby and Hope, who flee Australia to avoid a pair of weddings. They meet an unscrupulous South Sea Island princess, portrayed by Murvyn Vye, who hires them to dive for sunken treasure off a mythical island somewhere on the road to Bali. This shady character eventually 'forgets' to mention one minor detail - all the other divers who have attempted to recover the fortune have been strangled to death by a giant squid."

You know by this time that before and after the giant squid battles, Dorothy Lamour appears in distress and must be saved. You know too, who saves her.

The first of the "Road" films in colour, Hope and Crosby are making one of their fast exits, traipsing across a field of sheep. They start to sing *The Whiffenpoof Song* . . . "We are poor little lambs who have lost our way . . ." and the sheep come in as the chorus with, "Baa . . . baa . . . baa . . ." Crosby then comes out with the aside, "Fred Waring must have played through here." When Dorothy asks Bing and Bob if they always fight over women, Bing tells her yes, because "We never had any money." That's when Bob steps in with an aside to the tax collector, "That's for Washington." Never one to let his best friend off the hook, Bob waits until Bing starts singing a love song to Dorothy before he looks into the camera and tells the audiences, "Now's the time to go out and get popcorn."

Anthony Quinn showed up again in this film : . . his third as a "Road" villain . . . and he takes a shot at Bob in a diving suit. Except that Bob isn't in the diving suit. Crosby is surprised and asks Bob how he got out of it. "It was easy," Hope smiles, then pantomimes the extremely complicated escape he had to make. In the middle of it, getting back at his best friend, Bing walks over to the camera, and simply shrugs.

The best gag of all, however, has to be the one at the end. Dorothy has chosen Bing over Bob. Not one to go down without a fight, Bob takes a flute and plays it over a huge basket. Magic. Jane Russell appears. Hope figures he's won a girl of his own. But suddenly Jane Russell also chooses Bing over Bob. "What are you going to do with two girls?" He demands of Bing. The

answer is, "That's my problem." Bing walks off with Dorothy and Jane. Hope panics. "THE END" sign is about to come onto the screen. "This picture isn't over yet," he screams. "Call the producer . . . call the writers . . ."

Call the critics. Unfortunately, not all of them were happy with the film. "At it's best," wrote one, "an intimate revue packed full of private jokes for picture-goers. At it's worst, it puts me in mind of a rowdy children's party, with a couple of nice uncles and a sporting auntie dressed up comical to make things go." Added another reviewer felt that the "Road" pictures have "had an inspired lunacy, an extempore air as if the songs, the gags and the story were being thought up as they went along. This planned disorganization is still the strongest point of the latest in the series, *The Road To Bali*. But the planning shows through."

Planning not only showed through *The Road To Hong Kong* . . . the seventh and last in the series . . . it also caused some hard feelings. Ten years now separated two "Road" pictures. And in 1962 when they decided to put this one together, Joan Collins was cast as the female lead, with only a very minor role left for Dorothy Lamour.

Her answer was to walk out.

As reported in the London *Sunday Express*, "The still beautiful forty-six year old actress, whose sarongs were so famous that one of them even found its way into a museum, sat hurt and angry in her New York hotel suite last night. 'I am not coming,' she told me on the phone. 'The part requires me to speak only four lines of dialogue and sing one song. During that song a chase is going on, and while I sing, fish are jumping from Hope's and Crosby's clothing. Well, I have my pride. I won't be going on this particular road.'"

She said in that interview that not being included as one of the stars for a "Road" picture was very strange to understand. "I've always thought of us as a trio." And then she admitted, "In any other picture I would take bottom billing, but not in a 'Road' film."

It turns out that when the producers first started talking about doing another "Road" picture, they didn't know what to do about Dorothy. Whether it was her age or the fact that her star had faded since the '40s no one was willing to say. But Joan Collins made a better prize for Bob and Bing to chase after, so what to do about Dorothy? As producer Melvin Frank told the press, "We realized we didn't dare make the film without her. So for old time's sake we gave her a part which, though small, helps resolve the plot."

It was a pretty weak excuse. And looking back, not including Dorothy Lamour as one of the stars of a 'Road' picture seems fairly poor taste. Luckily Dorothy Lamour swallowed her pride and made the film. It just wouldn't have been a 'Road' picture without her.

Unfortunately, it wasn't much of a picture, even with her. It's all too contrived, and the Hope-Crosby-Lamour magic doesn't happen when the team gets changed to Hope-Crosby-Collins.

Harry and Chester . . . Bob and Bing . . . are ex-vaudevillians who happen to be in Ceylon selling Do-It-Yourself Space Kits. When a demonstration of the kit fails, Chester suffers from amnesia, which means he can't remember where he's hidden their money. The only person who can help restore Chester's memory is

the Grand Lama in Tibet. But on the way, Diane The Secret Agent . . . played by Joan Collins . . . mistakes Chester for her contact and slips a stolen Russian rocket fuel formula into his pocket. The Grand Lama gives Chester herbs to cure his amnesia, but they get mixed up with tea at about the same time that Diane and her superiors of "The Third Echelon" are trying to get the formula back from him. When all looks bleakest for Harry and Chester, Diane decides she's in love with the boys, and attempts to save them. By this time they're in Hong Kong, racing through the crowded streets, until they barge into a club where Dorothy Lamour is singing. "I'd better hide you," she says. Bing asks, "From the killers?" She says, 'No, from the critics.' Too bad she couldn't manage just that. Bob and Bing and Joan get trapped in one of the do-it-yourself spaceships, and are blasted off into space, where they finally land on Plutonium and, as the only humans there, must live happily ever after.

Put bluntly, the era of the "Road" films was long gone. By the '60s the nature of film comedy had changed. Television had taken over from radio, and sit-coms everynight/all night were turning the American public into an audience who wanted a certain brand of humour . . . *Bilko*, *The Beverly Hillbillies*, *The Dick Van Dyke Show* . . . not vaudeville, not radio, something particularly television-esque. The "Road" pictures no longer stood a chance. Yet in spite of it, at the time of Bing Crosby's death on a Spanish golf course, there was serious talk going around Hollywood that the trio would indeed give it yet another try . . . *The Road To The Fountain Of Youth*. Perhaps it's best that the film was never made. In cases like this, it might be best to simply remember the road-bound threesome when they and the gags were both much younger.

NY DAILY NEWS 3-26-92 APPLE SAUCE

By LARRY SUTTON

Book: CIA asked Bing Crosby to help nail Indonesia prez

Interested in a scandal involving Bing Crosby, Indonesian President Sukarno, the CIA and a blond floozy?

Then check out a passage in "Next to Hughes," a look at billionaire Howard Hughes by his adviser, Robert Maheu, when HarperCollins releases the book next month.

Maheu says the CIA asked him to produce a movie that would embarrass Sukarno, an influential world leader with an insatiable desire for babes.

This was back in the Dwight Eisenhower era, when American diplomats believed that a Sukarno affair with a blond Russian agent, posing as a stewardess, would tip his political allegiance from the United States to the Soviet Union.

Maheu says the State Department was supplying Sukarno with attractive women, too, by the way.

Anyway, he says, the CIA wanted him to make a film with impostors portraying Sukarno and the floozy. They planned to release it discreetly in Indonesia. Crosby and his brother, Larry, helped Maheu make the movie, supplying camera equipment, a studio and makeup artists.

The CIA never released the film, Maheu says. Instead, it distributed still photographs from the shoot in Indonesia, Asia and Europe. Jiluting the hidden influence there, he says.

NOW SHOWING

Bing's Movies in Small-Town America

By Mark Scrimger

In sharp contrast to the five-story tall billboard heralding the world premiere of *Going My Way* in New York City shown elsewhere in this issue, here are a few pictures and artifacts from the 1930's and 40's showing how theatre owners announced the arrival of Bing's films in several small midwest towns.



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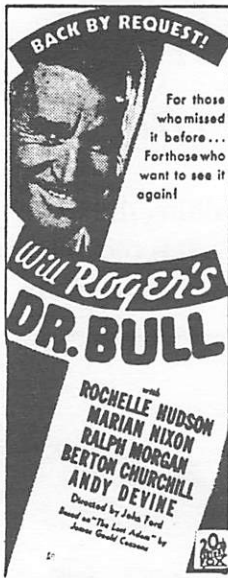
75
 REASONS

— On Screen —

WHAT DO YOU THINK?



WED. - THURS. - FRIDAY
 MARCH 24-25-26



SATURDAY ONLY!
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 2 Hits!



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 Jonesville, Michigan



January - 39

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesd'y	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1 Spawn of the North with George Raft & Dorothy Lamour	2	3 The Higgins Family For Home Sweet Home	4	5 Always in Trouble with Jane Withers & Jean Rogers	6	7 Mysterious Mr. Motto P. Lorre & M. Maguire Vacation from Love D. O'Keefe & F. Rice
8 Marie Antoinette with Norma Shearer & Tyrone Power	9	10 Tenth Ave. Kid with Bruce Cabot & Beverly Roberts	11	12 Campus Confessions with Betty Grable & Hank Luisetti	13	14 Storm over Bengal P. Knowles & R. Hudson Marines are Here G. Oliver & J. Travis
15 Boys Town with Spencer Tracy & Mickey Rooney	16	17 Army Girl with Madge Evans & Preston Foster	18	19 Arkansas Traveler with Bob Burns & Fay Bainter	20	21 Listen Darling J. Garland - F. Bartholmew The Texans with Joan Bennett
22 Sing You Sinners with Bing Crosby & Fred McMurray	23	24 Romance of Limberl'st with Jean Parker & Eric Linden	25	26 Young Dr. Kildare with Lew Ayers & Lionel Barrymore	27	28 Five of a Kind with Dionne Quints Barefoot Boy with Jackie Moran
29 SUEZ with Tyrone Power	30	31 Prairie Moon with Gene Autry & S. Burnette	1	This program is subject to change without notice. We play only the Best Pictures and Short Subjects.		Sundays - Holidays Doors open at 5:30 First Show at 6:00 Week Days Doors open at 6:30 Shows at 7 and 9
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FOX

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**You Will Thank Us for Bringing This
 Masterpiece to LaRue**



**"ONE OF THE
 YEAR'S TOP
 SURPRISES!"**

**"Going
 my way"**

**BING
 CROSBY**

A PARAMOUNT Picture with
 Barry Fitzgerald
 Frank McHugh
 Porter Hall
 Fortunio Bonanova
 and
RISE STEVENS
 Famous Contralto of
 Metropolitan Opera Association
 Produced and Directed by
LEO MCCAREY

**It's Bing
 at His
 All-Time
 Best . . .
 in a New Kind
 of a Role!**

BINGING AROUND

BY PETE CAKANIC

Spending as much time at sea as I do, months may go by without hearing Bing's dulcet tones. Following a 75-day trip to the Persian Gulf during "Operation Desert Storm" my ship hit our home port of New Orleans, and I went on a binge of record and book stores and played Bing for hours on end in my auto's cassette player, making sure to roll the window down and the volume up when at a stoplight so young people could have the benefit of hearing a little of the Old Groaner.

New Orleans has a plethora of record collectors' stores, often advertising "Golden Oldies" of rock and roll, but many of them have Bing bins and about six are in walking distance of one another in the French Quarter. I picked up a "Bing at War" LP, the cover portraying him as a GI with helmet. It is one I had not previously owned, although I did have such 78's as "Bombardier Song" featured in the LP. I also picked up a used "Seasons" for trade or gift. Not bad at \$4 each!

Book stores are a great source of Crosby material. Any celebrity autobiography may be good for a line or two about Bing. Several weeks before the great Frank Capra died, I picked up his bio, *Frank Capra, the Name Above the Title*. Of course Capra directed Bing in *Riding High* and *Here Comes the Groom*. When he died, every news item I saw concentrated on *It's a Wonderful Life* with James Stewart.

Surprisingly, Capra's book devotes many more pages to Bing than Stewart or, it seems, almost any other star. His opinions of Bing as an actor have been written before; we have all seen them.

It was interesting, however, to learn that Frank Sinatra made a proposition to Capra that a film be made about Jimmy Durante, Lou Clayton, and Eddie Jackson starring Frank, Bing, and Dean Martin. It would have been a four-way split: Capra, Crosby, Sinatra, and Martin each getting \$250,000 and Jimmy \$250,000 for the rights. Columbia would have put up \$5 million and distribution—a co-venture among the five.

So they met at Sinatra's Puccini Restaurant. "There was much jubilation and pumping of hands," Capra noted. Only Crosby was a bit rueful. He felt "hemmed in by the Mafia." Here's Bing: "Hey, Capra, we're old pals. You gotta take care of me. Between these two



thin piece of Irish bread between two slices of Sicilian salami."

Capra says that Frank and Dean gave it back to him. They knew the Old Groaner. "He lets Bob Hope beat his brains out while he relaxes and gets all the boffos."

But the film, we know, was never made. Too many corporate noses in the Schnozz story spoiled what could have been a heck of a stew.

Book Store Browsing

Book stores are the only place I know of that allows legal sampling. Whenever I see a biography about a Hollywood type, I turn to the index to see what's said about Bing.

Merv Griffin had only one sentence: "There were two people in Hollywood that were untouchable by Hedda Hopper and Louella Parsons—Bing Crosby and Clark Gable."

I spotted a book called *I Am Elvis*. It depicts 50 persons including a few females that make their living imitating Elvis, sequined jump suits and all. So far I have never seen anyone who does a perfect Bing. But then how many are there in the world "with a voice like liquid gold"? (Satchmo).

Here's one that caught my eye in the music section: *Joel Whitburn's Pop Memories, 1890-1954*. It's a *Billboard* type compendium assigning points for hits produced and general popularity for those 64 years. On points, Bing is way out in front: Crosby, 35,110; Paul Whiteman, 25,484; Sinatra, 10,251. Bing had the most charted songs, 317, and the most No. 1 singles, 36.

Don't waste your money buying *Wills of the Rich and Famous*. Bing gets two pages, and most of the information is already public. Concerning the bulk of his holdings, which are a mystery, it is a "residency estate" of HLC, Inc. The trust is "private." Bing's humility is evidenced in his will. He specifically requests a "low" Catholic mass.

Even famous sportswriter Red Smith felt he had to mention Bing: "Bing Crosby sent me a postcard from Paris complimenting a story I wrote."

I don't remember from whence the following came, but it was in my notes: Bing was one of the greatest entertainer/golfers. He was a five-time champion at Lakeside, Eldorado, and Thunderbird. He played in

British, U. S., Italian, and French championships. He won tournaments in Canada, South America, and Hawaii. And he made a hole-in-one on major courses seven times.

And speaking of golf, a *U.S.A. Today*sports section story was headlined "Japanese Mob Links Suggested in Sale of Golf Club." The story points out that several congressmen are "investigating the extension of foreign gangster influence in last September's Pebble Beach sale." Bing is not mentioned, but I for one, a non-golfer, would never have heard of Pebble Beach if were not for Bing. I took a tour of Monterey Bay about six years ago. There was talk then about renaming the drive around the course "Bing Crosby Drive." Wonder what ever became of that proposal?

Another Bing sighting in the news: Ann Landers, the most widely-circulated columnist, printed a letter chastising her for advising that if someone is telling a story (even a classic) and you've heard it before, "cut him off." The writer disagreed: "If something is good, it's worth repeating. No matter how many times you've heard Bing Crosby sing 'White Christmas,' you want to hear it again." Right on! Readers of that item are in the millions.

Phil and Burt: *You should know!* Burt Reynolds was a guest on the Phil Donahue talk show. The subject of his box office popularity came up. "Burt, you were No. 1 five times. Has anyone beat you?" "Well, I tied for five times." Both professed ignorance of who the other five-time winners were. I sent a letter to Phil: "It was Bing, the most popular entertainer in the world in the 30's and 40's. And you should have known the answer!"

I picked up a cable TV interview with Les Paul, sort of a life story. I only caught part of it, but in one segment he pointed to a tape recorder given to him by Bing Crosby. That started him on his multi-track

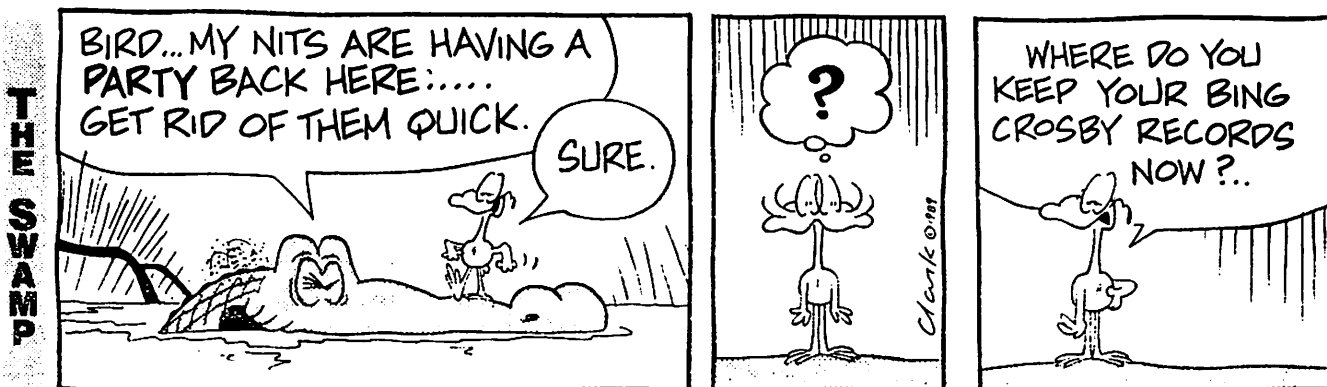
recording. Background music as they talked was the introduction to Bing's "It's Been a Long, Long Time."

Driving along a South Carolina highway one afternoon, I fiddled with the FM dial until I heard something that pleased me. It was familiar; the sound was definitely by a guy named Lombardo, "dum to dum, dumta dum, da ta de ta data tum." It seemed to go on forever without vocal. Then Bing came in: "You're Getting To Be a Habit With Me." It was broadcast from Columbia, S. C. by the University of South Carolina education frequency. The program is called *Standard Time*. A well-informed announcer, Al Turner, hosts this program, playing lots and lots of old Bing. This includes the Rhythm Boys and the 30's performers seldom heard on most nostalgia shows, which seem to have a repertoire of about 100 tunes and artists repeated over and over.

I wrote to Mr. Turner to tell him that his show is "getting to be a habit with me" and that I thoroughly enjoy his selections, Bing and otherwise. I also wrote to the one "subscriber" or "sponsor," the Mt. Olive Pickle Co., thanking them for making the show possible and hoping young college students will be exposed to the creative young Bing. The chairman of the company answered my letter and agreed "there is a need for this kind of show."

I also wrote to an Augusta, Ga. station that plays a lot of 50's hits, mostly Frank, Dean, Perry and Nat and asked them to play Bing's "Once in a While" on October 14, reminding them it was Bing's final record and appropriate on the 14th anniversary of his death. No luck. So I sent a tape of Crosby Classics and included "Once in a While" in case they did not have it in the library.

May I suggest to all Club Crosby members that they write to their local stations. If you see negative items about Bing, correct them. It does get into their memory bank.



We're not quite sure what to make of this cartoon, but it appeared in the Melbourne (Australia) Herald-Sun on Friday, March 8, 1991. It was sent to us by Girvan Paterson of Seaforth, Victoria.

A Series

BING AND

In My



**BING CROSBY SINGS
IT IN "THE STAR MAKER"**

America's favorite singer of songs is at his best in his latest Paramount picture, just released for showing in motion picture theaters throughout the country. In "The Star Maker," Bing, Linda Ware and the boy and girl "stars" . . . shown here in a 1910 Olds Limited . . . sing the most famous automobile song ever written, "In My Merry Oldsmobile."

THOUSANDS of American motorists who were youngsters in the early 1900's remember the thrill of their very first automobile ride—that exciting, breath-taking trip in an Olds. And thousands remember the lilt and swing of "In My Merry Oldsmobile," the popular song hit of 1905 that everyone used to sing. For in those days, the name "Oldsmobile" was practically synonymous with the word "automobile" and Olds was the first big-selling car in America. Today, hundreds of

thousands of those who grew up with Oldsmobile are drivers of Oldsmobile cars of their own. They know that down through the years the Oldsmobile name has come to stand for *quality*. . . . Never, in 42 years, have Oldsmobile quality and value reached such high standards as they do in the brilliant Oldsmobile cars of today. The big, de luxe Oldsmobile Sixty brings new standards of comfort, performance and quality to the low-price field. The popular-priced Olds Seventy and the medium-

1897 - 1939 OLDSMOBILE, AMERICA'S

HIS CARS

Courtesy of
Greg Van Beek

Merry Oldsmobile"

Sung by Bing Crosby and the Oldsmobile Kids in the Charles R. Rogers Production, "The Star Maker" a Paramount Picture.

BING CROSBY DRIVES A "MERRY OLDS" OF HIS OWN

The famous Curved-Dash Runabout of 1904... the mighty Olds Limited of 1910... today's streamlined Oldsmobile Six and Eight... all have carried Oldsmobile's reputation for quality to new and greater heights. Below, Bing Crosby, Linda Ware and the juvenile "stars" take a spin in Bing Crosby's own 1939 Oldsmobile Convertible.



priced Olds Eight offer the smartest styling, the finest performance and the greatest array of modern features ever built into cars so low in price. All three give you the famous Rhythmic Ride—the finest, most restful ride on any road—and the advantages in styling and construction of wide-vision Bodies by Fisher. . . . See your Oldsmobile dealer. Drive these sensational cars. Find out for yourself how easily you can become the proud possessor of a "Merry Oldsmobile!"

FREE SHEET MUSIC

Featured by Bing Crosby in Paramount's latest picture, "The Star Maker," the lilt-ing, tuneful waltz-song, "In My Merry Oldsmobile," is finding new favor with music lovers everywhere. It has recently been republished, both in waltz and swing tempo, and free sheet music is available to all of Oldsmobile's friends. Simply write to Oldsmobile, Department M, Lansing, Mich., and your copy will be sent to you promptly -postpaid.

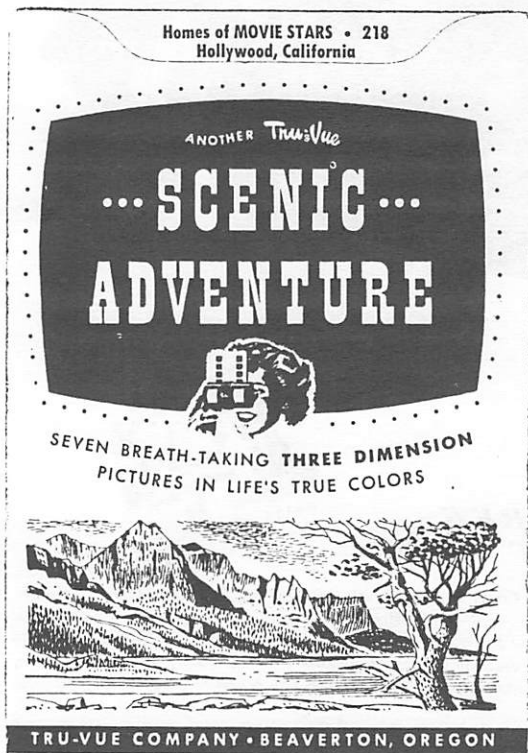


OLDEST MOTOR CAR MANUFACTURER

COLLECTOR'S CORNER

Here's something old and something new in Crosby collectibles. The new item (pictured right) is a Bing Crosby stamp issued by the Republic of Guinea in 1991. It is shown here, actual size, as part of a souvenir sheet which for some reason pictures the stars of *White Christmas* while the stamp itself depicts scenes from *High Society*!

The Tru-Vue scenic adventure card shown below is dated 1953 and pictures (in 3-D) Bing's Holmby Hills home along with those of other Hollywood stars. The caption under Bing's house also mentions his 25,000-acre ranch in Elko, Nevada. For those interested, the bottom pair show the Crosby home, which has since been torn down.



Homes of MOVIE STARS • 218 Hollywood, California



With most of the world's movies made in and around Hollywood, this area is the residence of the artists and craftsmen whose combined talents are responsible for much of the entertainment of the world.

The stars, paid fabulous sums for their box office appeal, have money to spend on homes built to satisfy their every whim, from imported castle to modest bungalow, most with swimming pools.

Some live in Hollywood itself, but most prefer the exclusiveness of Beverly Hills, Bel Air, Brentwood, or ranches in the San Fernando Valley.

INSERT TO LINE
PUSH LEVER

START TRU-VUE FILM CARD HERE

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TRU-VUE COMPANY

Tru-Vue
COMPANY

BEAVERTON, OREGON
PAT. PENDING • MADE IN U.S.A.



Unsung Movie Songs

By Mark Scrimger

Although all three of these seldom seen song sheets are from Crosby motion pictures, they are interesting because Bing doesn't sing any of them in the finished films. Both this cover and Bing's Brunswick recording identify *I Guess It Had To Be That Way* as being from *Too Much Harmony* when in fact it was cut from the film before its release. Jean-Paul Frereault's copy of the very rare music for *Spring Is Here Again* from *The Bells of St. Mary's* is for a song actually sung in the picture by Ingrid Bergman. And finally, *The Whistler and His Dog* from *Emperor Waltz* is a melody with no lyrics which, as its title implies, was meant to be whistled—which is why Bing couldn't possibly have *sung* it in the film!

I GUESS IT HAD TO BE THAT WAY

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS
BING CROSBY
IN
"TOO MUCH HARMONY"

WITH
JACK OAKIE
SKEETS GALLAGHER
AND
JUDITH ALLEN

LYRICS AND MUSIC BY
ARTHUR JOHNSTON
AND
SAM COSLOW

DIRECTED BY
EDWARD SUTHERLAND



The Day You Came Along
Thanks
I Guess It Had To Be That Way
Black Humbird
Rockin' The Wind
How Do You Do

REPRODUCED BY THE MUSIC PUBLISHING CO. OF AMERICA
Famous Music
MADE IN U. S. A.



La LEGENDE des NUAGES (SPRING IS HERE AGAIN)



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SOUTHERN MUSIC BELGIUM - S.A.
13 RUE DE LA MADELEINE - BRUXELLES

LIBERTY
SONGS
WEEKLIES

The Whistler and His Dog by ARTHUR PRYOR

As featured in the
PARAMOUNT PICTURE

"EMPEROR
WALTZ"

IN TECHNICOLOR

starring

BING CROSBY JOAN FONTAINE

Arranged for Piano by
MAXWELL ECKSTEIN

CARL FISCHER, INC.
NEW YORK, N. Y.
Branches in London, Los Angeles, etc.



Bing Crosby

Bing Crosby, 73, Dies in Madrid At Golf Course

MADRID, Spain, Oct. 14—Bing Crosby, whose crooning voice and relaxed humor entertained millions around the world for half a century, died of a heart attack today after a round of golf outside Madrid. He was 73 years old.

Mr. Crosby, an avid golfer, collapsed after finishing a game at the La Moraleja club with three Spanish champions. He was taken to the Red Cross hospital, where a spokesman said he was dead on arrival.

A few hours after learning of her husband's death, Kathryn Crosby told a news conference in Hillsborough, Calif., "I can't think of any better way for a golfer who sings for a living to finish the round."

She said their son Harry, 19, and the family's former butler, Alan Fisher, would fly to Spain to accompany Mr. Crosby's body back to Los Angeles, probably on Monday.

Played a Winning Round
Mrs. Crosby said she talked by phone with one of the men who had played golf with Mr. Crosby. "He told me that Bing had a very good round. I'd like that to be said," she stated, smiling with tears in her eyes.

Mr. Crosby carded a 45 and won the game by one stroke because of his golf handicap, Juan Tomas Gandarias, a professional golfer, told newsmen.

Mr. Gandarias, who lunched with Mr. Crosby before the game and walked with him around the course, said the singer was relaxed and joking as he left the 18th hole.

"Suddenly he dropped. Before that he had given no sign of illness although he seemed to be favoring his left arm near the end of the game," Mr. Gandarias said. He said Mr. Crosby was about 20 yards from the clubhouse when he fell.

The singer, actor and businessman had come to Spain primarily for relaxation after a tour of Britain, which he described as a test of his recovery from a back injury he suffered in a fall earlier this year. The accident occurred while Mr. Crosby was taping a television show to celebrate his 50th year in show business.

Bob Hope, whose running gag feud with Mr. Crosby was a trademark of both their careers, was "too devastated" to comment on the death of his old friend, according to a spokesman.

Mrs. Onassis Resigns Editing Post
The president of Viking, that the publishing house planned to sign a contract to publish the novel "Tell the President" by a British author and former member of Parliament, Jeffrey Archer.

At the time, Mrs. Onassis reportedly did not attempt to dissuade Mr. Galt, but she apparently became "extremely upset" after reading an article in The Boston

FORMER REP. HANNA INDICTED FOR FRAUD IN KOREAN SCANDAL

40 Felony Charges Also Include
Bribery and Conspiracy

WASHINGTON, Oct. 14—Richard Hanna, a former member of Congress, was indicted today on 40 felony charges, including bribery and conspiracy, in connection with a Korean scandal. The grand jury indicted Hanna on charges of conspiring with a Washington lobbyist, C. Kim, a Maryland, to manipulate the actions of the South Korean government to obtain a \$100,000 bribe for Hanna's company.

The indictment also charged Hanna with failing to register as a foreign government agent and with mail fraud. It also charged him with seeking some \$100,000 in exchange for his efforts to influence fellow congressmen. Hanna could not be reached for comment. Last November, he told a news conference in an interview that he did not believe there was anything illegal about his relationship with Park.

2 Co-Conspirators Named
Today's indictment involves the same case under which Mr. Park was indicted last June. As it was handed out, Benjamin Cleveland, Assistant Attorney General in charge of the criminal division, and Paul Michel, the chief prosecutor in the case, were on their way to South Korea to try to work out terms for questioning Mr. Park.

The long and detailed indictment charged that Mr. Hanna had conspired to "defraud the United States of America and the Congress of the United States" by allegedly interfering with both congressional and executive branch deliberations on United States policy toward the Republic of South Korea.

It named Kim Hyung Wook, a former chief of the Seoul C.I.A. and now a resident of the United States, and Lee Hu

**Hectic Week for the
Uncertainties Drive**
One of the most hectic weeks in foreign exchange trading in some years came to an end yesterday with the dollar at lows or near-lows against almost all the world's major currencies. The movement of funds was unusually heavy.

"It has been a hectic week, with an unusually quick depreciation of the dollar," said Ernst Brutsche, a senior vice president of Citibank and a foreign exchange expert.

He said the dollar would have fallen even more if the world's central banks had not moved into the markets to support the United States currency with a level of intervention not seen in two years.

Behind the decline, Mr. Brutsche and other traders said, was a continuing concern over a number of economic factors, particularly the record American trade

deficit and the uncertainty of the Administration's trade programs, both of which have been sources of concern for American trade partners.

Other factors include nations with strong ties to Japan, West Germany and the United States to let their currencies to discourage their export growth by other nations being sold to buy these currencies.

Bankers and businessmen who want to see the dollar rise to buy and sell foreign currencies and investment purposes.

Continued on Page 25, Column 1

INSIDE
Minimum Wage Rise
House and Senate conferees agreed legislation raising the minimum to \$3.35 by 1981, an increase of over the current rate. Page 10.

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Bing Crosby and Kathryn Crosby at a golf course yesterday. In addition to his condition, temperatures on farm was about 85 degrees.

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CARTER AND TORRIJOS AGREE ON U.S. RIGHT TO DEFEND THE CANAL

GIVE STATEMENT AFTER MEETING

Military Force Could Be Used to
Keep the Waterway Open, but Not
to Intervene in Internal Affairs

By BERNARD GERTZMAN
Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, Oct. 14—In an effort to facilitate approval of the Panama Canal treaty in both the United States and Panama, President Carter and Gen. Omar Torrijos Herrera said today that the United States had the right "to act against any aggression or threat directed against the Canal."

In a "statement of understanding" issued after the two leaders had met at the White House for an hour and 40 minutes, the United States and Panama also affirmed that the right of the United States to use military force to keep the Panama Canal open did not mean that the United States would intervene in "the internal affairs of Panama."

"Any United States action will be directed at insuring that the Canal will remain open, secure and accessible, and shall never be directed against the territorial integrity or political independence of Panama," said the statement, which was released here and in Panama.

Goal Is to Ease Apprehensions

The joint statement was issued in order to ease apprehensions that had arisen in the Senate, even among supporters of the treaties. The wording in parts of the treaty dealing with how the canal would be operated after Panama takes full control by the year 2000 was ambiguous.

This led to varying interpretations by commentators and officials in both this country and Panama and to calls for clarification. At his news conference yesterday, President Carter said, "I think the clarification is a positive one."

A plebiscite on the treaties is scheduled in Panama on Oct. 23, and both sides wanted to insure that there was agreement on controversial points before the voting occurred. Presumably today's statement goes some distance toward meeting that objective.

Knowlitz Briefs Senate Leaders

In addition to the brief statement said the Neutrality Treaty, one of the two canal documents signed by the two leaders in Washington on Sept. 7, provides that military ships of the United States would be entitled to transit the canal "aspeccially."

The clarifying statement said that this term was intended to mean that in case of an emergency American warships could "go to the head of the line of vessels in order to transit the Canal rapidly."

Sol M. Linowitz, who had been one of the American negotiators of the treaties, immediately briefed Senate leaders this afternoon after Mr. Carter and General Torrijos, the Panamanian chief of Government, had completed their meeting.

Mr. Linowitz told reporters at an early evening briefing at the White House that he was "pleased" by a statement made by Senator John J. Sparkman, chairman

Continued on Page 8, Column 1

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House and Senate conferees agreed legislation raising the minimum to \$3.35 by 1981, an increase of over the current rate. Page 10.

Has It Been 15 Years Already?

LOS ANGELES, Oct. 14—Just when people were suggesting that brawling in public would bring them to no good end, the New York Yankees put aside their family feuds tonight, overpowered the Los Angeles Dodgers by 5-3 and took a lead of two games to one in the 74th World Series.

scoring three runs off ... and stunning the 55,932 fans at Dodger Stadium, the largest crowd to pay its way through the turnstiles of the stadium park since it opened 15 years ago. Then they turned the pitching over to Mike Torrez, assigned to a contract and start playing.

Continued on Page 15, Column 3

Bing Crosby, 73, Dies at Madrid Golf Course

Continued From Page 1

cording to a spokesman. Mr. Hope, who was in New York City, canceled a benefit appearance at the Governor Morris Inn in Morristown, N.J., and flew home to California.

William S. Paley, chairman of CBS Inc., who signed Mr. Crosby to a national radio contract in 1931, called his death "a great loss to the entertainment world," and said in a statement, "He will be remembered as one of the best-loved and most highly respected figures in theatrical history."

A Star Almost 5 Decades

Harry Lillis Crosby parlayed a burbling baritone voice, a relaxed manner and a

sense of business acumen into millions of dollars and a place in the front rank of world-famous entertainers.

A star performer for almost five decades, he delighted millions on radio, television, and in motion pictures and near World War II battlefields, where he entertained countless servicemen. His records sold worldwide by the millions, and his earnings from his performances and investments well exceeded a million dollars a year for many years.

In all, Mr. Crosby sold more than 300 million records and in his later years, when he stopped making movies, he continued nonetheless to attract enormous public attention with appearances on television and at the Bing Crosby Pro-Amateur Golf Tournament in Pebble Beach, Calif.

Mr. Crosby was born May 2, 1904, the fourth child in a Tacoma, Wash., book-

keeper's family that later became almost entirely caught up in show business. His father, Harry Lowe Crosby, worked for a local brewery to support his mother, the former Kate Harrigan, and his six siblings, most of whom later became associated with one or another of his enterprises. His youngest brother, Bob, became well-known as a singer and bandleader.

He acquired his nickname when he was 7 or 8 years old, the story goes, because of his fondness for a comic strip called "The Bingville Bugle." As a boy he was called Bing-o, but the "o" got lost along the way.

An alternative version of the name's origin has it that the future star annoyed one of his grade-school teachers with a wooden gun, which he used to fire, shouting, "Bing-Bing!" The teacher began calling him "Bing-Bing," this version goes, and the name stuck. (continued)



High Society which starred Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly and Frank Sinatra was an updated musical version of *The Philadelphia Story*.

Abandoned Law Studies

He went on to attend Gonzaga University in Spokane, where he studied law but was more interested in a local band, with which he played drums and sang at dances and in a Spokane theater. He worked part time in a local law firm, but the entertainment world lured him from that and from his law studies.

In 1925, Mr. Crosby and Al Rinker, the band's piano player, left Spokane for Los Angeles, where Mr. Rinker's sister, Mildred Bailey, was a successful singer. The "Two Boys and a Piano," as they were billed, played engagements along the West Coast. Paul Whiteman, who caught their act in 1927, at the Metropolitan Theater in Los Angeles, hired them as a singing act for his band. Later, Harry Barris joined them to form "The Rhythm Boys." They toured the Keith Orpheum vaudeville circuit and played in Mr. Whiteman's picture, "The King of Jazz."

Mr. Crosby's casual attitude did not go well with Mr. Whiteman, who dismissed him for not being serious enough about his work. The other members of the trio left with him. They played the Montmartre Cafe and the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles.

At the Montmartre, Mr. Crosby met Wilma Winifred Wyatt, a rising young film star known professionally as Dixie Lee. They were married on Sept. 29,

1930, and were to have four sons, all of whom became professional entertainers.

In 1931, at the Cocoanut Grove, Mr. Crosby sang for the first time on radio, with Gus Arnheim's orchestra on a two-hour nightly outlet.

Shortly thereafter, Everett Crosby, a brother, sent a record of Mr. Crosby's crooning of "I Surrender, Dear" to William S. Paley, CBS president. The singer was put on the network from New York and became a sensation. He appeared in 1932 at the Paramount Theater for a record run of 20 consecutive weeks.

Success Led to Films

The success of his program led Paramount Pictures to include him in "The Big Broadcast of 1932," a film featuring radio favorites. From then on, his public life was one success after another, and he appeared, year after year, as a regular performer on the Columbia Broadcasting System's radio networks.

His swift success was as a practitioner of crooning, a singing style to which the teen-agers of the early 1930's and many of their elders, were ecstatically addicted.

His mellow, crooning rendition of "When the Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day"—embellished with his distinctive bu-bu-bu- bing between phrases—was an overnight sensation.

But as his fame and success blossomed, he became loved as more than just a deft practitioner of a single vocal style. He became a national institution.

Some historians of the Great Depression have maintained that what carried Mr. Crosby on to his expanding popularity was his espousal in song of the "don't worry" philosophy.

Instead of concentrating on the woes of unrequited love, he brightened the idle moments of an impoverished or worried generation with songs about not needing a bundle of money to make life sunny or about pennies from heaven. Over the radio, on records, in motion picture houses, the masses here, and later abroad, were entranced by his smooth and seemingly effortless singing, which gradually dropped its more extreme mannerisms like the bu-bu-bu-bus.

Of more than a score of his recordings that sold above the million-disk mark, the most popular was "Silent Night," with "White Christmas" second. It has been said that there was not a moment during the year that the Crosby voice was not being heard somewhere in the world—on radio, phonograph or jukebox.

(continued)



The Big Broadcast, 1932, made a star of Bing Crosby who is seen here with Stuart Erwin and Lella Hyams.

A Half-Hundred Films

Mr. Crosby won a movie Oscar in 1944 as the year's best actor for his role as a priest in "Going My Way." Among the most popular of his half a hundred films were the "Road" comedies—"The Road to Singapore," "The Road to Zanzibar" and others—with Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour.

His acting style was an embellishment, in a sense, of Mr. Crosby's own personality as a performer—relaxed, low-key and quietly charming. He almost never played a heavy, even as the spineless alcoholic husband opposite Grace Kelly in the film of Clifford Odets's "The Country Girl," released in 1954, in which Mr. Crosby gave one of his most compelling performances.

Again in 1966, he played an alcoholic sort, this time, the sodden, unshaven doctor in a remake of the classic western, "Stagecoach." And again, it seemed to reviewers that his innate likability came across to produce a performance of subtlety and depth.

Indeed, Mr. Crosby once recognized his own screen personality when he told an interviewer how he had recently turned down the role of Scrooge for a Hollywood film.

"I don't think I would have been believable as Scrooge for a minute," he said. "Everybody knows I'm just a big good-natured slob."

Bing Crosby, of the blue eyes and brown hair, made no secret of having to wear a toupee in pictures. Off screen he usually wore a hat to cover his baldness.

The easy-going humor and the bizarrely loud sport shirts that were his trademarks through the years were in evidence off stage as well as before the cameras or microphones. But they did not encompass the whole man, who knew trouble and anguish, too.

Dixie Lee Crosby died in 1952 after 22 years of marriage that had contained much heartbreak. Some of the unhappiness between her and her husband stemmed from his iron-handed disciplining of their sons, Gary, the twins Phillip and Dennis, and Lindsay who got into more than a modicum of trouble as young men.

Mr. Crosby's life through the early 1950's was set out in his autobiography, published in 1953, which had the modest title, "Call Me Lucky." Written in collaboration with Pete Martin of The Saturday Evening Post, it appeared serially in that magazine and was published in book form by Simon & Schuster.

In 1957, Mr. Crosby's life entered a new era, when, at the age of 53, he married 23-year-old Kathryn Grant, an actress from Texas. The couple had two sons, Harry Lillis 3d and Nathaniel Patrick, and a daughter, Mary Frances. They appeared together on television in occasional Christmas specials and commercials.

Mr. Crosby made wise investments of most of the earnings his talent for entertainment brought him. Even his stable of race horses, of whose slowness audiences were often reminded, paid off in the form of gags concocted by his script writers. He also bred horses, and in the mid-1930's he helped to establish and became president of the Del Mar race track in California. He sold his interest in the

track in 1946 for nearly half a million dollars.

When fire destroyed his home in 1943, he poked through the ashes and retrieved \$2,000 in horse-race winnings from a shoe. His interest in sports led him at one time to buy 15 percent of the Pittsburgh Pirates baseball team and later about 5 percent of the Detroit Tigers.

Exhibitions Aided Charities

His exhibition golf matches with Bob Hope, his great friend with whom he also engaged in bantering exchanges of insults, raised thousands of dollars for charities. In World War II, after each match, they auctioned their clubs and golf togs to buyers of war bonds. An expert, playing in the low 70's, Mr. Crosby was given the William D. Richardson Memorial Trophy in 1950 for his contributions to the game. He played with President Kennedy at Palm Beach in 1961.

Some of the crooner's earnings, after enormous taxes, were invested in oil wells, frozen orange juice, real estate, a West Coast television station and the operation of large cattle ranches.

In his later years, Mr. Crosby led the life style of a man of wealth without much flamboyance. He continued his favorite hobbies—golf, fishing and hunting—and traveled frequently with his family on safaris in Africa.

The Bing Crosby Pro-Amateur Tournament and Pebble Beach, known popularly as the Crosby Clambake, became one of the major golf classics as the pros came

to dominate the amateurs and capture prize money that swelled to more than \$200,000.

Although he sold his interest in Minute Maid orange juice, Mr. Crosby continued to appear on commercials that featured his family. And he spent time at his ranch in Baja California and his rambling home in Hillsborough, a well-to-do suburb south of San Francisco.

He emerged from semiretirement last year to mark his 50 years in show business with a series of concerts and shows to benefit various charities. He appeared at the Los Angeles Music Center in March, and in June and July made a successful tour that included the Palladium in London, other theaters in Ireland and Scotland and more appearances in the United States, singing medleys of his oldies.

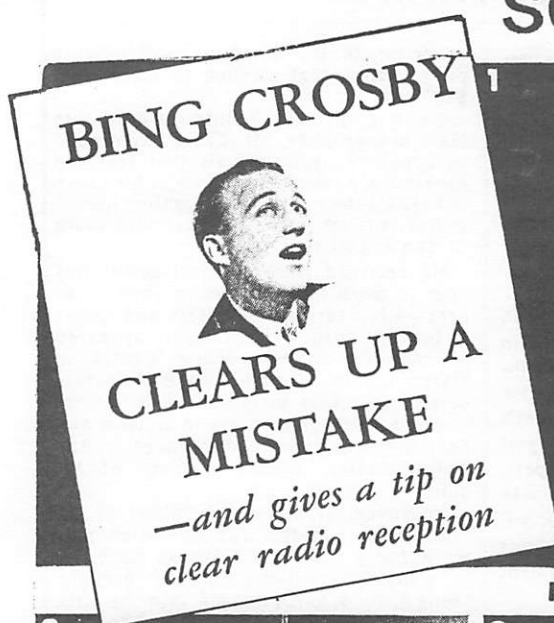
In November, he and members of his family went on the CBS television network for a "White Christmas Special." In a more ambitious run, he brought "Bing Crosby and Friends" into the Uris Theater on Broadway from Dec. 7 to Dec. 19, a dozen evenings of nostalgia that were appreciatively received by critics and theatergoers alike.

Last March 3 Mr. Crosby suffered a ruptured disk in his lower back when he fell 20 feet from a stage into an orchestra pit at a theater in Pasadena, Calif., where he was videotaping a television special. He lost his footing while acknowledging a standing ovation from the audience. The injury left him hospitalized for more than a month. Though still suffering from the effects of the fall, he completed his concert tour of Britain.



Barry Fitzgerald, Risë Stevens and Bing Crosby in *Going My Way*, 1944.

SCRAPBOOK



ISN'T BING'S VOICE GRAND IN THE MOVIES?

AND JUST THINK—I'M GOING TO MEET HIM TOMORROW.

NEXT DAY—AT THE MOVIE STUDIO



Whoops, Aggie! The Missus McHugh, Butterworth and Crosby are doing it for charity, so it's all right. This act—a take-off on the Boswell Sisters—was part of Hollywood's Temple Israel Benefit.



Member Bob Landry contributed these two wonderful items for use in this issue's Scrapbook section. The richness of his collection can be measured by noting that these rare bits of Crosbyana both came from but one page out of hundreds contained in five thick scrapbooks chronicling Bing's early career, which is Bob's main area of Crosby interest.

Jack O'Brian

Bing in a Mellow Mood

NEW YORK—We caught Bing Crosby in a pensive mood, and listening to Der Bingle ramble on, it was almost "Pen-nies from Heaven" re-visited. Bet you'll agree with us:

"I suppose most of us who have reached the sere and yellow years (those of us who have been around a bit, seen and done a few things, had a few vivid and colorful experiences, witnessed the unusual or the exciting), I suppose you, as I have, on such occasions, said to yourselves, 'Gee, if Joe were only here'—or Mac or Mabel or Marie or whoever—'How they would have exulted! What a treat this would be for them.'

"You know, something like a duck-shoot, maybe, with the birds working into the decoys and responding to the calls like they were on cue.

"A clear, cold river, with the trout rising with such regularity that it was only a matter of time until one mistook your unlikely imitation for the real thing.

"A Mexican sun sinking behind the craggy mountains with its last fading light falling over the Sea of Cortez.

"A slashing school of roosterfish, hitting everything and anything you put in the water.

"Days when you've baited 25 or 30 marlin.

"A whitewing dove shoot, with everyone getting his limits down in 30 minutes or less.

"Or shooting quail in Texas, where there are so many birds, good pointing dogs would go crackers. They'd point a covey, the birds would flush, we'd get a couple down, and on the retrieve, they'd point another covey with a bird in their mouths.

"I can think of so many memorable occasions where my genuine reaction was always the same: 'If so-and-so could only be here to see this, to take part. What a charge it would be for him.'

"Haven't you felt the same way many times?

"Of course, it doesn't always have to be a shooting junket or a fishing trip. Could be something pastoral. For instance, you might consider it the sociological incongruity of all time, if I were to tell you, in all seriousness, that Phil



O'BRIAN

Harris has a green thumb. Of course, he's got a red throat, too, and on some mornings, a very mottled eye, but he is a genuine, enthusiastic and competent horticulturist.

"He has built himself a greenhouse up on a little piece of land he owns in Palm Springs, up on a hillside there. He maintains this place full of all kinds of growing things. He's got everything going up there (all legal flora, however). Ocotillo, cactus, Palos Verde Devil's Paint-brush, things from Africa, things from everywhere that he's been in all his travels—and he's been around a bit. He spends a great deal of time up there, messin' around with these various things that he has planted and grown and developed.

"Phil was going out to the South Pacific a few years ago on a trip of some kind, and he promised to bring me back some mango cuttings that I could plant down at my Mexican house. These were the Manila mangos, no less! These are to the ordinary mangos what the Washington Delicious apple would be to ordinary apples. They're a very good size fruit, a very sweet flavor, and as the Mexicans say, 'They have a muy chico hueso'—a very small bone, or as we would say, a tiny pit.

"Well, Phil missed on the Manila mango cuttings. Wrong time of the year, or something like that, he averred, but he did bring me some plumeria cuttings from Hawaii. Three or four ordinary looking sticks about a foot long. I don't know how he got these things in through Customs — they're pretty sticky about bringing anything in that grows. I didn't think you were allowed to bring even a plastic four-leaf clover in from Ireland, without putting it in quarantine for a month.

"So I took the sticks to Las Cruces. I told my jardinero to stick them in the ground where they'd be partially shaded, water them daily, and the benign Baja sun would do the rest.

"He gave me the hopeless, extravagant shrug generally evoked by visionary gringos with impossible dreams, but he did as advised.

"Then I came down in June—some 18 months later, I guess it was, and I must say that I now have the most outstanding production of plumeras in the entire territory of Baja California. White, pink and yellow. Huge blossoms. Thousands of them.

"The plumeria, as you doubtless know, has an aroma, but it's very light, ether-

cal, delicate—nothing heavy, redolent, or overpowering.

"There is just enough breeze there, by the sea, to keep it circulating nicely, and I find myself flitting around the place singing snatches of 'Pale Hands I Love Beside the Shalimar,' but my pleasure was tempered, of course, by the realization that Phil was not there to share the experience with me.

"He was working in Vegas, would be there a couple more weeks, and by then, the blooms would all have gone. So I got out my camera, and although I'm not any Toni Frizzell or Philippe Halsman—though I have done something rather nice with a brook trout on a pine plank — I took a few shots and am now waiting for the prints to come back, hoping that they turn out well, so that I can show Mr. Harris the product of his thoughtful generosity."

Crosby Loses Half Lung In Surgery

1-14-74
BURLINGAME, Calif. (UPI) — An abscess the size of a small orange was removed from Bing Crosby's left lung Sunday during a 90-minute operation. Doctors said "no indication of cancer" was found in the 69-year-old crooner.

Doctors said Crosby tolerated the surgery very well and was reported in satisfactory condition.

Dr. Stanley Hanfling, the singer's physician, said about two-fifths of Crosby's lung was removed in the operation to take out the abscess that was bigger than suspected in earlier tests.

"A preliminary study of the tissue showed a rare fungus infection," the doctor said, "but so far there is no indication of cancer."

The lung infection baffled doctors since Crosby entered Peninsula Hospital and Medical Center New Year's Eve. He developed pneumonia, and then an abscess, neither of which responded to a wide range of antibiotics.

"Because of the finding on some tissues suggesting the possibility of cancer, and because Mr. Crosby continued to have inflammation of the abscess on his left lung, the consulting physicians on the case proceeded with surgery this morning," Hanfling said.

Bing, Elvis, and the Missing Link

By Andrew Sarris

From *The Village Voice* (N.Y.) December 1977

Bing Crosby was born Harry Lillis Crosby in Tacoma, Washington, on May 2, 1904, and Elvis Presley was born in Tupelo, Mississippi, on January 8, 1935. These facts suggest that if Elvis had taken care of himself as well as Bing had taken care of *himself*, we would all be preparing the Presley obituary notices around the year 2008, at which time Paul McCartney might have mellowed enough to mumble that Elvis had not really been the complete sellout he'd seemed, back in the somnolent 70's. Yet, even though Bing attained more than his three-score-and-ten years, and Elvis did not come close to reaching his half-century, they have been bracketed together in many articles simply because they happened to encounter the Grim Reaper at almost the same time. This is known as the Disease of Journalese: To make connections where few or none really exist, to become suddenly fascinated by a phenomenon that flickered out eons ago; to milk all the morbidity of the funeral parlor for supposedly passionate fans who lament only their own unmarked mortality. It is not surprising, therefore, that everyone from the gossip columnist on the *Senior Citizens Sentinel* to the rock critic for the *KGB Newsletter* has put in his or her two cents' worth on Bing and Elvis.

Being a journalist myself I can hardly claim immunity from journalese, and so I would like to put in my own two cents worth on two celebrated pop singers who also happened to be considerable movie stars. I write on this subject with no great passion or expertise but only with the befuddlement of a man on the street with a tin ear.

My first recollection of Crosby's crooning is lost in the primal mists. People were always telling me that he was good and important, and I accepted their judgment. He had easily eclipsed Rudy Vallee, the Yalie with the megaphone. Russ Columbo, one of Carole Lombard's loves and one of Crosby's chief rivals in the '30s, had died at an early age. Still, there were all these jokes about "crooners" who needed electronic microphones to be heard. Brought up on the middle brow conservatory assumption that he who sings loudest sings best, I was baffled by the categorization of Crosby, and later Sinatra, as "baritones." In operas and operettas, the baritone was the loud-mouthed lout who made life miserable for the tenor. Hence, it took me years and years even to understand the distinctive sound of Crosby's voice, and I never felt it in my gut. Crosby simply engulfed me in all media. It was impossible to escape him, and it remains difficult to describe America in the 20th century without discussing Bing Crosby. When one hears the seldom sung opening verse of Irving Berlin's "White Christmas" with its (the verse's) suggestion of the strangeness of celebrating Christmas in Beverly Hills, one recognizes with a shock the anticipatory anthem of the Sun Belt.

It is always difficult to ascertain to what extent an entertainer merely reflects his audience, and to what extent he actually molds it. But when I was listening to Crosby's practiced patter on his posthumously tele-

vised special a week or so ago, I could not help feeling that people of my generation had been profoundly shaped by what had once seemed like the aimless banter on the radio. If Vallee had been the rich college boy out spooning on dates, Crosby was the middle-class boy working his way through college, and picking up many big words along the way.

With Sinatra and Presley we begin to encounter the dropout type as hero. And I do think that the missing link in the articles on Bing and Elvis is Frank, who, being still very much alive, does not yet meet the requirements of journalese. But there is a very complicated paradox involved in the consideration of this trinity of pop idols. For one thing, the trajectory of their music does not entirely follow the trajectory of their myths. And certainly not of their movies. For another, all three are haunted by the spectre of racial exploitation. Bing as a child of jazz, Frank as a child of swing, and Elvis as a child of rock. They all acknowledged their black peers, but they cashed in on them just the same. Theirs were not the blatant, blackface impersonations of Jolson and Cantor and Amos 'n Andy. One has to go to the bottom line to appreciate the ultimate inequity in what white stars and black stars have drawn from the same roots.

In a largely white, and not particularly unbigoted country, however, it is logical that the dominant role models will be white, and, thus, there is little point in overloading Bing and Frank and Elvis with all the accumulated racial guilt of centuries. What most contemporary rock critics seem to overlook is that until very recently most pop songs dealt overtly with courtly love while the sex in the subtext of the music helped successive generations of young people to "make out." It may be difficult for young people today to imagine that Bing's voice was ever considered an erotic instrument, but it was, and that is what pop music is supposed to be about. In this respect, the succeeding incursions of jazz, swing, and rock into the entertainment repertory signaled a break between the more conservative older generation and the more advanced younger generation over both musical and sexual mores. In each instance, however, the young fans of an entertainer stayed with him through all the succeeding years. So 30s shopgirls were still worshipping Crosby in the '70s, as were '40s bobbysoxers Sinatra, and '50s drive-in waitresses Presley. No matter how much our tastes may improve or our passions wither, we never abandon the music of our youth.

Consequently, it is almost beside the point to cite

Crosby's soothingly cavernous sound with its bub-a-boo pacifier as a prelude to a '30s seduction, or Sinatra's emphasis on the phrasing and enunciation of the lyric, followed by Presley's unconditional surrender to the beat and the grind at the expense of intelligibility. As for the familiar rhetoric of betrayal in radical journalese, an entertainer does not become or remain popular without a generous dose of self-serving sentimentality, piety, and, yes, conformity.

Movies, particularly, played a large part in the myths of Bing, Frank, and Elvis. Bing appeared in close to 70 films, Frank in more than 50, and Elvis in more than 30, which, altogether, represents a sizable chunk of the medium's output. Curiously Elvis, the least ambitious movie performer of the three, was, perhaps coincidentally, the most consistently successful commercially. I can make a case for *Flaming Star*, *Kid Galahad*, *Viva Las Vegas*, and perhaps even *Jailhouse Rock* and *Wild in the Country* as the most distinguished of Presley's entertainments. At one time it was thought that he might be capable of attempting the charismatic rebel-punk roles of Brando and Dean, but his roles soon became ultraroutine with just a soupcon of the violence and sexual aggressiveness implied in his singing style.

Crosby went through the motions, for the most part, in a succession of sloppy '30s Paramount vehicles (with the exception of the curiously downbeat *Sing You Sinners*). Two turning points in his movie career were, first, his teaming up with Bob Hope in the *Roadseries*, and second, his incarnation of a chummy, relaxed Catholicism in Leo McCarey's *Going My Way* and *The Bells of St. Mary's*, two very accomplished tearjerkers that have been deplored for decades by atheists, agnostics, and the intellectually religious alike. In any event, Crosby reached his peak of movie prestige and popularity in the '40s, the very decade in which Sinatra began to surpass him as a pop singer.

Sinatra was about a decade younger than Crosby, and two decades older than Presley, and his early years in movies were shakier than those of Bing or Elvis. Indeed, he was the only one of the three to have to make a "comeback" (with *From Here to Eternity*). Bing and Elvis were never "down" or "out." Frank had tasted adversity, and there was a lingering bitterness in his screen persona. For his part, Elvis never stopped making musicals. He was singing to the end. Bing and Frank, by contrast, having been certified as actors with Academy Awards, tried their hands with offbeat, even villainous parts, Crosby as a drunkard and pathological liar in *The Country Girl*, for which he nearly beat out Brando's performance in *On the Waterfront* for an Oscar; and Sinatra as an assassin in *Suddenly*, a cowardly antihero in *Johnny Concho*, and a dope addict in *The Man with the Golden Arm*. Of course, the idea that you secured yourself as an actor by going resolutely against type is itself a Hollywood superstition, and so, in the long run, it probably does

not matter much that Frank was slightly more venture-some in his movie roles than either Bing or Elvis. At one time or another, each served as America's troubadour, and it did not much matter whether one liked them or not. They were there in all their media massivity.

This article was contributed by Pete Cakanic, and the type was reset without editorial changes on our computer. Two or three words were illegible on the xerox copy, resulting in "best guess" decisions by your editor. The original pictures have not been reproduced.

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BING CROSBY, 1903-1977

By Terry Atkinson
Rolling Stone, Dec. 1, 1977

For three decades before rock & roll, Bing Crosby epitomized American popular music. With Elvis Presley, he was one of the twentieth century's two most beloved and influential pop singers—and one of the movies' most popular stars. On Friday, October 14th—two months after Presley's death—Crosby, 74, died of a heart attack after finishing a game of golf at a club just outside of Madrid, Spain.

The singer had just completed a successful tour—culminating in a sold-out performance at the London Palladium—that proved he'd recovered from a near-crippling fall from a stage in March. He had also recorded several albums recently and, having relinquished his interest in Minute Maid orange juice, had started a tequila company with friend Phil Harris. He and Bob Hope were planning one more "Road" movie—called *The Road to Tomorrow* at first, then *The Road to the Fountain of Youth*. Crosby said in a recent interview that he had wanted the film to have "a little more insanity than the early ones—like Monty Python, Marty Feldman, Mel Brooks... wild, far-out, crazy stuff." On his pretaped Christmas special (to air November 30th on CBS) his guests include David Bowie.

Crosby's popular impact was obvious. He made more than a thousand recordings that sold approximately 800 million copies worldwide. He also made fifty-eight films, and it was the films that most clearly established his public image as an easygoing good guy who performed effortlessly.

But Crosby's musical influence, though not widely appreciated, was equally substantial. As jazz critic Leonard Feather has written: "He made popular singing human... What Crosby truly accomplished was the development of an unprecedentedly casual approach to the interpretation of the popular song. He brought to it a warmth and intimacy that came as a revelation in the era of Eddie Cantor and Al Jolson melodrama."

Crosby came to pop music via the liveliest, most cyclonic sound to precede rock—"hot" jazz. In the late Twenties he was a member, with Al Rinker and Harry Barris, of Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys, a trio that was one of the most spirited white exponents of this chiefly black form. Rowdy scat singers, they sang and banged on pianos and cymbals with a wild precision, full of loony humor and jazz beauty. And they were surrounded by—and Bing learned from—the best white players of the time... Beiderbecke, Trumbauer, Lang, Venuti.

Back then Bing even had a lifestyle to match, one

quite different from his later image. Except for Bix Beiderbecke (his roommate for a while), Crosby was the most notorious breaker of the Eighteenth Amendment in Whiteman's band. After his marriage to Dixie Lee in 1930, though, the wild ways were gradually set aside. And likewise, his jazz gave way to "crooning." During the early Thirties his voice became mellow and smoky with a special edge to it: the "Crosby cry." This was also a time of collaborations with Duke Ellington, the Dorsey Brothers and the Mills Brothers that are among the outstanding moments in jazz/pop history. And when that era ended with the advent of World War II, the middle-of-the-road vocalists who emerged—such as Frank Sinatra and Perry Como—bore the mark of Crosby's pioneering "casual approach."

Crosby's smoothness hid an ambitious and tenacious nature. He died a very rich man, and through intelligence and more than a little effort he made himself an important singer and a fine actor. In the language of his favorite sport, golf, he worked at it till he could shoot in the seventies, and he always finished the course. His last words were to one of his golfing companions as they walked toward the clubhouse: "It was a great game." And it was.

Article courtesy of Pete Cakanic. Type was reset by our computer with no editorial changes.

FAR SIDE



"Hey! So I made the wrong decision! ... But you know, I really wasn't sure I wanted to swing on a star, carry moonbeams home in a jar!"

Cartoon courtesy of Dennis Witenstein

SHIRLEY NAYLOR REPORT



This is SHIRLEY NAYLOR from DOWN UNDER. There should be a few who remember me from the 50's to the late 70's when I was a regular to *Bingang*. My last article was in 1980 after my four weeks' visit to Crosby Country. Then in July 1990 a little was printed about my RETIREMENT and sad to say I was THE FACELESS WOMAN. [Ed. Note: Shirley's picture printed out very poorly.]

I am still doing all I can to PROMOTE BING here in Orange: write in to the local radio station for his BIRTHDAY, ANNIVERSARY OF HIS DEATH, and of course CHRISTMAS. Lindsay Lawson, the breakie announcer, always plays his discs between 5:30 a.m. and 9 a.m. those times. Here about two months ago 2GZ were giving away a free T-shirt. You had to ring 620099. When I tried it was engaged, so I hung up and redialed again and "BINGO" I was on, gave my name and address, then the announcer asked who I was going to put on the T-shirt. When I said BING CROSBY he replied, "Oh, we all know you up here as you write in for his discs." So I went down and had Bing and the four boys put on. It was a photo that the *Saturday Evening Post* sent me in 1953, Bing holding the basket ball and wearing a cap, Gary and Phil on the right, Bing in the middle, and Lin and Dennis on the left. It will never be worn and is with all my other CROSBY SOUVENIRS.

Now for my VERY BESTEST NEWS. I have joined our local FM radio station APPLE, PUT A SMILE ON YOUR DIAL at 104.3. It was just after the June '91 test broadcast that I decided to pop up to the studios and see the manager, Cliff Neal, to say how much I enjoyed the music, especially his Saturday morning programmes from 9 a.m. to 12 noon from 2MCE, Bathurst. Then we got talking about different artists and I mentioned that I was an AVID CROSBY FAN and had a good collection of his discs. Cliff was very

interested and asked if he could come out and see them, so I agreed. When he saw all my CROSBY PARAPHENALIA and the discs, he asked if he could use some for his programme, CLIFF NEAL'S EASY LISTENING MUSIC, now from our studios in Kite Street here in Orange. So I said, "Yes, if I come along with the discs, as they are too Precious and took me years to collect, starting with 78rpms and working my way up, then swapping and buying from other countries."

The first programme was recorded one Sunday morning in June. Only got the first half as the second was recorded on a b---y Russian tape which was very kindly donated but shredded all the oxide. So I said "That figures—folk never give anything away that's good." This came from Bathurst, as did the second on 29.6.91 THE DAY WE WAS ROBBED OF THE TITLE FIGHT, made up of Bing, Dixie, and the boys; the third 3.8.91 was broadcast from our Kite Street studios. I used quite a lot of tracks from *How the West Was Won*, the disc I won from the Victorian Crosby Club. The fourth broadcast was on the 19th October, a tribute in memory of Bing's death. I got a phone call at 6 a.m. from Cliff to say that the panel had BLOWN UP, and he had been up till 5 a.m. trying to fix it, and would I be ready by 7:30 a.m., as it meant a trip to Bathurst (THE THINGS I DO FOR BING!!). We played tracks from *Bing: the Final Chapter*. I really love "Come Share the Wine," so it was played and "Blue Hawaii" and "The Teddy Bear's Picnic." Cliff is a teddy bear collector, so I couldn't let it go without saying "This is for all the kids out there AND ONE BIG ONE I KNOW." On December 21 Cliff asked me if I'd bring up some Christmas music. We played "Do You Hear What I Hear," "Silent Night," and of course the final one (I am sure you couldn't guess) was "White Christmas." To me CHRISTMAS WOULDN'T BE CHRISTMAS

WITHOUT IT.

I hope I'll be invited back from time to time to do some more programmes, as the older folk like him, and we really are the MIDDLE OF THE ROADERS.

Now I'd like to tell you about Cliff. He's in LOTS OF SOCIETIES here; one is THE POETS. He recites and does it every Saturday in his programmes composed by local poets. One I'd love you to hear is "The Blue Wren," one of our dearest little birds that frequents gardens and loves those roses of which I have plenty. On the October 19 programme Cliff recited a poem of Bing which I found in a 1952 April *Bingang* with the background music "Where the Blue of the Night." It was done just before he went on holidays.

It's WONDERFUL, the comradeship between CROSBY FANS, so Cliff and I were very grateful it went very well. Cliff had to play the music and read the poem live as he couldn't record owing to trouble in our studio, but it went over SUPER. Thought you might like to read this extract from our local paper:

"Mr. Neal himself is no stranger to radio, having started his career with the ABC in 1946. From there he worked for various commercial stations throughout Australia. Now retired, he is busier than ever working

a punishing schedule at the Community Radio Station with the assistance of the president, Wendy Eggleton. But he is so convinced the Community Radio Concept will work in Orange he does not mind the hours he puts into it."

In the November Newsletter it was stated that it is hoped to get a licence early in 1993, so it looks as if Cliff's HARD WORK IS PAYING OFF. Let's hope so, as he's given his ALL TO PULL IT OFF, and I'll help where I can. Forgot to say that Cliff has a very lovely wife, Mavis, who is behind him 100% and goes to the studios with him every Saturday, as that's the only time she gets to see him, since he's up at the studio most of the time. I couldn't resist saying one day, "Mavis, who don't you get a couple of folding beds and CAMP UP HERE?" Cliff looked at me and said, "Shirley, don't put ideas into Mavis's head." Of course we all laughed.

I am enclosing a photo Mavis took of Cliff and me DOING WHAT I LIKE BEST, a Bing programme on 31.8.91 and hope you will use it and we don't appear as the FACELESS TWO.

—Shirley Naylor



This picture appeared in an article about caddies in the March/April issue of Golf Journal and was sent to us by Ernest Sutkowski. The photo is from a short film made by Bing (third from left), Chick Evans, and (far right) Ben Hogan. The title is listed as Honor Caddies. Anybody know anything about it?

Brother Bob Reports Bing Did "Nicest Thing for Him"

By Henry M'Lemore

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF., Jan 20--It would take seven adding machines and seven tireless workmen seven long days to compute the numbers of people who have put the bite on Bing Crosby.

So, it was a pleasure to have lunch with the man who has never been able to hit Bing for a touch, despite the fact that he has been trying for years.

The man is Bob Crosby, Bing's brother.

Bing Gets "Touch"

Bob doesn't need to make a touch now, but he told me about the time he really wanted Bingo to come through with a little dough.

"I was a kid and was at Tybee Beach, near Savannah, Ga., with the first band I ever had," he said. "We had been promised two weeks, but at the end of the first week the owner of the place walked up to the band late one night and wanted to know who was the leader. I told him I was and he said: 'Good. Lead that band right out of here, right now.'"

"I didn't have a dollar, and the boys in my band had less, but they didn't skip out on me because I told them I could wire Bing and rustle up a little money.

"So I wired Bing and we all sat around in our cheap hotel rooms, feeling very gay because we all knew we'd be loaded as soon as Bing could get to a Western Union money order window. When the clerk called and said he had a wire for me, all of us rushed downstairs to get it, happy as hopheads.

"Then I opened the wire.

"It said: 'Dear Bob, I can't be reached. Love, Bing.'"

"No brother has done a nicer thing for a brother than Bing did for me with that wire. He had sense enough to know that if he'd sent me the money I'd be a handout boy for the rest of my life. So I had to start hustling for sure, and if I've made a go of it at all it's chiefly because Bing sat on his bankroll."

I asked Bob how he liked being on Jack Benny's program.

"Well," he said, "working with Benny and being Bing's brother is like owning a peanut stand between Fort Knox and the Bank of America."

Bob said an early ambition of his was not to be the best singer in the world, but just the best singer

in his family.

"It didn't take me long to find out that I wasn't going to be the best Crosby singer, so I settled down to being the second best," he said. "Now look at me. What do you think I am now? Nephew Gary has shoved me out of place position into the slow slot. If the twins start singing I'll be lost in the back stretch. It's pretty tough being a singing uncle in the Crosby family."



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But that isn't the end of the story. Years later Bob Crosby told about it in a San Francisco radio station interview.

According to Bob, he was very angry with Bing for not helping him and remained with the unhappy memory of this occasion for years.

Actually, Bing contacted some musical associates in New York, wired them some money, explained his younger brother's predicament and that while he wanted to help, he didn't want to become a crutch.

He suggested that his friends get in touch with his kid brother and offer to buy some of his best arrangements and pay for them with Bing's money. Bob gratefully accepted the offer and had enough money to get his band to their next gig.

Years later he related to one of his "saviors" how he really appreciated their help in his time of need, especially since his brother had let him down. He was dumbfounded when his benefactor told him the true story of Bing's carefully arranged plan.

This article and the commentary were provided by Don Eagle.

The First Crosby Hits

By David Lobosco

While all of us were struggling to make ends meet in the depths of the depression, Bing Crosby came along and gave us that little glimmer of hope for what seemed to be a bleak future. Most of his early recordings talked about love or dreams, but no matter what the theme, those Crosby classics made us momentarily forget the awful memories of the depression.

Crosby, starting on radio in 1931, faced the problem of choosing a theme song. Bing thought about "I Surrender, Dear," "Love Came Into My Heart," and "Let's Spend an Evening at Home." He finally settled on "Where the Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day," which had lyrics actually written by Crosby himself and music by Roy Turk and Fred E. Ahlert.

Singing briefly with Gus Arnheim's band, Bing not only sang solo but with ex-Rhythm Boys Al Rinker and Harry Barris. Barris' composition, "I Surrender, Dear," was so profitable for Bing that Barris followed it up with "At Your Command," "It Must Be True," and "Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams."

As Bing became more popular, his movie stardom rose. He introduced many now-famous songs in his early movies like "Please" and "Here Lies Love" (from *The Big Broadcast*), "Temptation" and "Our Big Love Scene" (from *Going Hollywood*), and "Love Thy Neighbor," "May I?" and "Once in a Blue Moon" (from *We're Not Dressing*).

Whether crooning to us from the screen, radio, or records, Bing Crosby's recordings from the early thirties helped us through our heartaches and sorrow and helped us "wrap our troubles in dreams and dream our troubles away."

Bing and the Depression

By Pete Cakanic

The country is now having its financial woes, the longest downturn since the Great Depression. CD rates are way down, medical expenses are way up, Macy's is filing for Chapter 11, G.M. is laying off 78,000 workers, closing plants. . . Ah, Bing has handled all these miseries, the ups and downs, in songs. Listen:

"Ain't Got a Dime to My Name". . . say, "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" His purse grew: "I've Got Five Dollars."

He started thinking what he'd do "If I Was a Millionaire," so he flew out to the "Gold Mine in the Sky" and soon it rained "Pennies from Heaven."

42 Bing said "Thanks" and warbled "We're in the

Money" and sent some of it to the "Poor People of Paris" and began "Counting My Blessings" then noted "That's a-Plenty."

After all, he realized, "I Haven't Time To Be a Millionaire." Soon he began courting the "Million-Dollar Baby in the Five and Ten Cent Store" and it didn't take him long to learn "That's Where My Money Goes."

He had gone full cycle and soon was singing, "I Got Plenty o' Nuthin' and Nuthin's Plenty for Me," because, after all, Bing crooned, "I've Got a Pocketful of Dreams."

IT WAS RUMORED

By Ann McGuire

If **Bing Crosby** looked relaxed on film, he appeared even more so to his co-stars off-screen. **Rhonda Fleming**, his co-star in *A Connecticut Yankee in King's Arthur's Court* (1949), witnessed Crosby's camaraderie with the crew. According to Fleming, Crosby would be telling a joke when the director (**Tay Garnett**) would suddenly yell, "action." "Bing would go immediately from the joke right into his scene," she said. "He didn't forget a line or a movement. The minute the director said 'cut,' he was back to finishing the story again."

Crosby met a fellow golf fanatic in **W. C. Fields** when the two worked together on *Mississippi* (1935). "Uncle Bill," as Crosby referred to Fields, was a master of scene domination and not at all worried about Crosby's easygoing acting style. Fields later had second thoughts. Overhearing a post-screening conversation, the old master was pleased to hear a viewer comment, "Wasn't he wonderful?" Undoubtedly, Fields' smile must have dropped when the filmgoer added, "I could listen to him sing forever."

(Reprinted from *American Movie Classics*, April 1992.)

Incidentally, five of Bing's movies were screened on the American Movie Classics cable channel in April. They were: *Anything Goes* (1956), *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* (1949), *Here Comes the Groom* (1951), *Mississippi* (1935), and *We're Not Dressing* (1934).

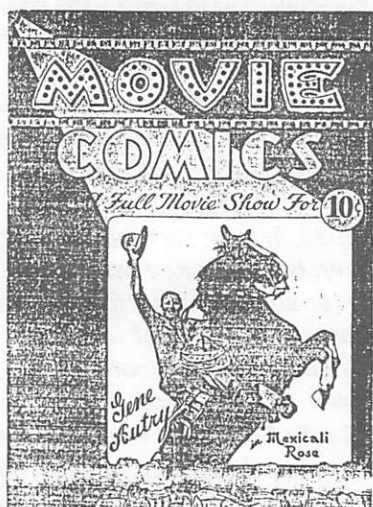
MOVING?

Let Your Editor Know
As Soon As Possible

WANTED FOR BINGANG



I would like to do an article on Bing Crosby games. I need nice quality xeroxes of any box covers, game boards, or interesting pieces from games associated with or mentioning Bing.



I am also looking for anyone who could copy the cover, title page, and Bing-related pages from the June, 1939 issue of *Movie Comics*. If you have one in your collection, please send all material to:

Mark Scrimger
P. O. Box 172
Parma, MI 49269

Bing Crosby

By Bill Greehy

Bing Crosby is my favorite singer. I have enjoyed Bing as an actor in the movies. The first movie I ever saw Bing in is *Road to Utopia*. My favorites are *Bells of St. Mary's*, *Country Girl*, *Going My Way*, *White Christmas*, *Holiday Inn*, and *Just for You*.

Bing was a wonderful person and father. I enjoy playing his records or cassettes, especially his Irish songs. I am part Irish.

My late wife and I belonged to Ray Heather-ton's Irish Friends Club. Ray, who is also a singer, says he knew Bing before he went to Hollywood. Ray says Bing was a nice person and enjoyed knowing him.

Club Crosby is a great club. I do enjoy being a member. Wayne, you do a great job as editor. Mark, you make a fine club president. God bless you. Bing was a wonderful credit to the entertainment industry.

Bing, you are missed. I know you are singing up there in heaven!



The Song Spinners, Bing Crosby, Ethel Smith, and Lehman Engel.

Amused at Himself

The fallen Bing Crosby, 72 and sore in a Pasadena Hospital, watched a TV rerun of his 1936 movie, "Pennies From Heaven" and got a chuckle out of the performance. Crosby fell from a stage during the climax of a performance marking his 50th year in show business Thursday. He's still undergoing tests at the hospital and is expected to be released early this week.

MELLOW IS HIS MIDDLE NAME

That's what they're saying about Bing Crosby these days, but, despite the legend, it hasn't always been so.

BY LESLIE RADDATZ

TV Guide, Dec. 12-18, 1964

Sauntering across the soundstage, the familiar figure looks pretty much the same as ever—jaunty cap atop bald pate, characteristic pipe slanting casually from side of mouth, loose-hanging cardigan and inconspicuously tailored slacks draped on the smallish frame which is, if anything slimmer than it used to be. The *élan* is still there and, only slightly diminished, the legendary voice.

But everything is not the same. Harry Lillis Crosby (Mr. and Mrs. Lillis were old friends of the family) is a changed man, as he works in his first weekly television series, *The Bing Crosby Show*, on ABC.

For one thing, at an admitted 60—but actually 63—with a young wife and growing second family in a new home far from Hollywood, he has, indubitably, mellowed. Those about him notice the difference. They say things like, "He's much looser than he used to be," and, "Mellow is his middle name nowadays."

(Of course, he has always seemed to be mellow, but beneath the surface was an almost constant tension, caused perhaps by the necessity of having to maintain the image which the public had learned to know and to expect. The real Crosby was aloof, hidden somewhere far behind the genial façade. According to reporter Bob Thomas, "Crosby's Iron Curtain would make Joe Stalin seem like a chatterbox. [He has] a chilling stare that is a masterpiece." Bing's biographer, Barry Ulanov, wrote, "As warm as his stage and screen and air personality was, his talk and gestures and expression of personal feelings were cold. . . . To his intimates, Bing is the Enigma.")

Once, scheduled to sit at the head table at a Friar's Club dinner honoring Bob Hope, Bing did not even bother to show up. The writer of the old "Kraft Music Hall" on radio, Carroll Carroll, is generally given credit for developing the glib, hip, polysyllabic Crosby public personality. Bing did not address Carroll by first or last name during the first six months the program was on the air. Crosby's late crony, Barney Dean, once said of him, "Though he likes everybody, he doesn't like everybody around him." And another friend, composer



thing in him that no one has fathomed yet.")

Bing relaxes in a canvas-backed chair and answers the question everyone is asking these days: "Why am I doing this series? I have to do something. I wanted to stay in the business, and there didn't seem to be any feature pictures available. I have all these people working for me in Bing Crosby Productions. When they say, 'How about you doing a show for us?' what are you going to do—say, 'Go to hell'? I still have time to play golf, hunt and fish. But there are certain things I have to do."

(Ten years ago Bing said, "I just finished filming my second TV show, and it's my last. Why do it? I don't need it. I won't do TV again—not until I lose my job in the movies." In 1952 he said, "Television is murder." Away back in 1933, in New York, almost at the beginning of his career, he was asked what he would like to do if he were ever able to retire. He said, "I would go nicely to California—buy a boat, a car. I'd take up some light business. . . travel abroad a bit, fish and golf in the interim and visit the various race tracks. And raise a small family." In 1948, when Hedda Hopper asked him if he ever thought of retiring, he replied, "Every day, but I'm sure that I'll never get caught up with my work in time to do it." By 1956 he was saying to Louella Parsons, "Stop working? That's for old folks. What would I do with my time if I retired?")

Five shows in three weeks

Bing does five TV shows in three weeks and then takes two weeks off. "The kids on the show get a little draggy after three weeks," he says. "And it helps old dad, too." The weeks he works he flies to Hollywood on Monday morning from his home, a 25-room Tudor-style mansion on three acres of land adjoining a golf course in Hillsborough, Cal., just south of San Francisco. In Los Angeles he stays at the Sheraton-West, an un-show-business hostelry which is as far from Hollywood spiritually as Hillsborough is geographically. On

the set by 7:30 every morning, he does not leave before 7 o'clock in the evening. Come Friday he flies back home for the weekend, and then on Monday the whole routine begins again.

As he talks a pianist plays softly in the background. Bing explains, "There's so much music on the show, we keep him around all the time." He sings a few bars of the Cole Porter song the pianist is playing. His voice, which has probably been heard by more people than any voice in history, is deeper now. Someone who has been close to Crosby for years says, "He's singing better than ever."

(In 1939 Bing explained the small physical phenomenon that gave his voice its distinctive quality: "They call it a singer's node, and it's a sort of corn or callus on the vocal cords. That's what gives my voice the husky notes and funny slurs." In 1947 Frank Coniff wrote in the New York Journal-American that "some of the charter members of the Crosby Chowder and Picketing Club have been hinting that the master has lost his touch." Two years later writer George Frazier said that Bing's voice had "deteriorated so rapidly that his present offerings sound like a clumsy and presumptuous parody of the witchery he used to exert in other years." Crosby retorted, "So what? I never claimed I could sing in the first place.")

Speaking of an episode of *The Bing Crosby Show* in which his eldest son Gary appeared, Bing's eyes light up, and he looks like any other proud father: "The show's called 'Exactly Like Who?' and Gary's very good in it. He dressed just like me—hat, pipe and all." Another Crosby boy, Dennis, one of the twins, is with Bing Crosby Productions, attached to the *Ben Casey* program. (The company also produces *Slattery's People*, which is on opposite *Casey*.) As for his other two grown sons, Bing says, "They're just floating around underground someplace. At least they're not in trouble—that's something." He laughs as he says it, but the light has gone out of his eyes.

(When the four boys were entering their teens Bing said, "I'd like to bum around with them some more. I want to see if they're growing up to be nice fellows or a bunch of heels." Summers he took them to his ranch in Nevada, where he paid Gary a dollar a day to pick thistles, saying, "I want him to earn it the hard way." He hoped that the twins would take over the ranch some day. Later, when he had a place at Hayden Lake, Idaho, across the line from his native Washington State, he took Lindsay, the youngest, there. The boy described what it was like trying to sneak in late: "There'd be old Baldy, sitting in the dark, with a flashlight on you.")

Ten years ago, speaking of his sons, Bing said, "We still have our man-to-man chats. I don't actually know if I'm getting anywhere or not." Now the boys are men, in their late 20's and early 30's, and their escapades, marriages and divorces have made image-shattering headlines. According to an associate of Bing's, "It's a raw nerve.")

Redheaded Diane Sherry, the 12-year-old who plays one of Bing's two daughters, says, "Mr. Crosby got me tickets for the Beatles' concert at Hollywood Bowl and also for their party. It was so *neat!* Ringo stepped on my toe, and I got two cigarettes Paul smoked. My girl friend ate one."

Bing says, "Frank Sinatra was 20 times bigger than I ever was, and Presley was bigger than Sinatra, but there's never been anything like the Beatles before."

Then he talks about his own daughter, five-year-old Mary Frances, and the blue eyes light up again: "I named my boat after her—the Mary Francesca. I had small pins made to give people that go out fishing with me, and I gave one of them to her. She and the six-year-old, Harry, are terribly jealous of each other. When he came in, she held her hand over her chest where I'd put the pin, so he wouldn't see it. Harry asked her what she was hiding. She said, 'Nothing—I'm pledging allegiance to the flag!'"

(Bing Crosby and actress Kathryn Grant were married in Las Vegas in 1957, when she was 23, a year younger than his son Gary. Bing's 22-year marriage to the late Dixie Lee Crosby was not as idyllic as the legend would have it. There were at least two reported separations, and Bing's brother Larry once said, "They have these family battles about every six months—like every other husband and wife.")

Bing's courtship of Kathryn Grant was marked by a rare slippage of the Crosby façade. The summer before their marriage she abruptly left the Hayden Lake place, where she had been visiting, after published speculation that they were about to wed. When questioned about these plans, Bing somewhat ungallantly said, "How could I? I have a big golf game Saturday." Now, however, Kathryn and their three small children are given much of the credit for Bing's latter-day mellowing. But someone who has known him all his life takes a more cynical view: "When you're not going to be here a hell of a lot longer, you might as well have people like you.")

The Irony of Bing Crosby

And therein lies the irony of Bing Crosby. Probably few men have been more universally loved. To the man in the street, he is an old and valued friend, and every disc jockey and columnist in the country refers to him affectionately and familiarly by his first name or as "The Old Groaner" or "Der Bingle." Yet he is a man who has always kept his distance, who, according to one observer, "lives within himself," and who has said of himself, "I don't think I've ever done anything really worth-while.")

It is almost time for the next scene. Someone approaches, leans down and says something to Bing in a low voice. The old crooner smiles and says, "I guess I'll have to put the hair on." He gets up and saunters toward his dressing room—a living legend about to don a legendary toupee.

The Pirates chased Crosby out of
their clubhouse because of peanuts
—but they welcome him to their
hearts because he's Bing

BY JACK SHER

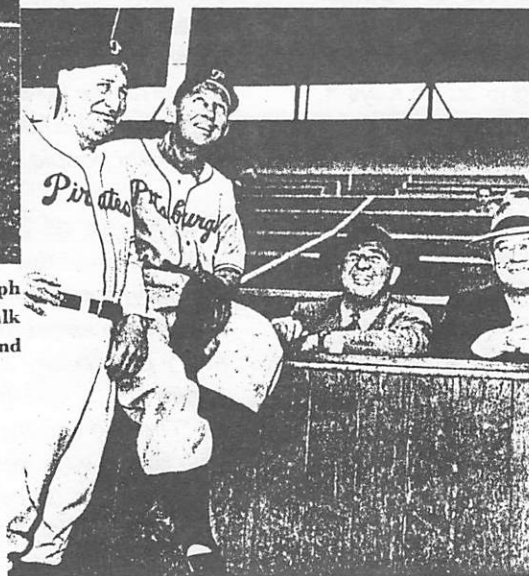
BING and his PIRATES



Bing's not just an
owner—he belongs



Dugout discussion with Billy Meyers, the
Pirate manager, Commissioner Happy Chan-
dler and New York Yankee owner Del Webb



Home-run king, young Ralph
Kiner, is not long on talk
—unless Bing is around



The Crosby wit calls no
strikes on Honus Wagner,
the Pirates' beloved coach

From a 1947 issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine

HIGH in the broadcasting booth overlooking home plate, Rosey Rowsell was sidgiting like a nervous gnome, his firecracker-type voice describing the opening game of the season at Forbes Field in Pittsburgh. Down below, the stands were jam-packed with Pirate fans, the sun warm on their backs, gloom deep in their hearts. The beloved Pirates were trailing the Cubs 1-0 in the fourth inning.

Into the broadcasting cage slid a man with wide-angle ears. He was wearing a large grin. He also wore a loud, open-collared sport shirt and on his head was a jaunty hat with a wide, multi-colored band. At the sight of this character, old Rosey began to relax. Mister "Good Luck" had shown and everything was going to be all right for the Pirates.

"Hi, assistant," Rosey said. "It's about time!"

The assistant, who goes by the handle of Bing Crosby, took over behind the microphone and, in a voice that is recognized by millions, said easily, "The count on Stan Rojek is two and one, Wally Westlake on deck, here's the pitch—"

Within a few moments, word spread like wild-fire through the ball park that Der Bingle was at the mike. The atmosphere cleared. The wild-eyed Pittsburgh fans remembered opening day last year when Bing went on the air and the Pirates replied by slamming out seven runs in one inning! Now, ball players' heads popped out of the dugout to snatch a glimpse of their boss, Bing, up there in the booth and their grins were wonderful to see. And then they went ahead to win the game, 3-1.

I like to think they won that one for Bing. I do know that whenever Old Man Crosby is hanging around their home grounds, the Pirates are almost impossible to beat. Maybe he's just good luck—and ball players are a superstitious lot—but, somehow, I believe it's more than that. I think it has to do with the way Bing feels about the Pirates and the way they feel about him.

When Crosby bought a fourth ownership in the Pittsburgh Baseball Club for a reported \$399,000, he did not automatically buy the respect and affection of the men who wear the Pirate uniform. I know ball players. They can spot a phony from a distance of ten bat lengths.

I talked to Bing shortly after he bought into the Pirates. The thing I expected was some gags about Hope's interest in the Cleveland Indians. There were no gags. Crosby was dead serious about the Pirates. "I've been following the Pirates for years," he said, "way back since the days of Honus Wagner and Kiki Cuyler. I've always loved baseball better than any other sport. I'd like to make a go of this. I hope I can do a little to help the team. I'd like," he said, almost wistfully, "for my boys to get in on the game, too."

YOU got the feeling that Bing wanted to be more than just the owner of a ball club. You felt that he wanted to belong to the Pirates, be accepted as one of them and as a guy who loves and knows baseball.

The best way to tell you how the Pirates reacted to Bing's being with them is to let them speak for themselves. It is by no means an ordinary thing for a ball player to talk about one of the owners of the team for which he plays. Owners usually have only a nodding acquaintance with the players. But Bing's sort of "ownership" is as special and different as that set of pipes he has which push out songs.

The first thing you see as you come into the Pittsburgh dressing room is a large radio-phonograph combination. On top of it are stacks of records and around it are generally four or five players eating sandwiches, drinking cokes and listening to the music of guess who. A metal plaque on the machine reads: "From Bing To The Pittsburgh Pirates."

"I want to tell you guys," Bing said when he gave them the set, "that this thing just chews up Sinatra records."

The gang let out a whoop and rushed out to stock up on Sinatra discs. When I visited

the dressing room, Wally Westlake, the large, round-faced, slugging center fielder was the first to bend my ears about Crosby.

"Do I like the guy?" he said, as though he thought the question indicated that my mind had jumped the track. "He's one of the greatest fellows I've ever known. I think he loves baseball more than any of us. How can you help but like him?"

The thing that constantly surprises shortstop Rojek is that Bing knows more about the Pirates than they know about him. "He knows more about my career than I do," Rojek said.

The players like to kid broadcaster Rosey Rowsell, telling him that if he continues to let Crosby relieve him on the air, Bing is going to get his job.

Crosby never uses a program when he broadcasts. He knows all the data about every major league player without consulting the book. His talk is spiked with zingy baseball lingo plus the unmistakable Crosby wit.

Nothing delights the Pirates so much as the playful chatter that goes on between Crosby and their beloved coach, the immortal Honus Wagner. At seventy-four, Honus is still climbing into a Pirate uniform. The bow-legged Flying Dutchman was one of the greatest ball players ever. For twenty-one years, he electrified the National League by his spectacular play at shortstop, his tremendous hitting.

The Wagner legend is enshrined in Baseball's Hall of Fame. It will never die. Now, looking like an amiable Santa Claus, his spirit as alive as when he was burning up the league, old Honus is one of the few who can match Bing's natural wit.

"The first time I ever saw that boy Bing," Honus told me, "he was peggin' balls down to second base. I knew then that he was once a ball player and I was going to like him. If Bing had stayed in baseball, he'd have been a success." His eyes twinkling, Honus added, "I guess he got carried away by that foolish idea of singing."

YOUNG Ralph Kiner, home-run king of the National League, is not very long on talk, except where friend Crosby is concerned. In Hollywood, he followed Bing around golf courses and Crosby invited Kiner and other players to the studio to watch how movies were made.

"The guys are so crazy about him," Kiner grinned, "that they'd probably let him play second base permanently. Don't let them kid you, he's not that good as a ball player. I'll tell you that. As a ball player, I'd say Bing was a swell golfer. But what a wonderful guy to have around!"

At the end of the season, the people of Alhambra, California, Kiner's home town, turned out to give him a big homecoming. One of the gifts was unexpected—a watch from Bing Crosby. Somehow, Bing had found out about the welcome home for Ralph and wanted to chip in on it. "When I saw it, I almost couldn't believe it," Kiner said shyly. "The darn thing runs, too."

Kiner steered me on to Frankie Gustine, the tall, handsome third sacker. Gustine comes from a small Pennsylvania town named Waynesburg. In the off season, he coaches the town basketball team.

"One day Bing walks up to me and begins talking about my basketball team," Gustine said. "How he found out about it, I'll never know. But he knew about the players, the games we'd won and lost and quite a lot about my home town. I almost got a lump in my throat listening to him."

The Pittsburgh Ball Club is owned by Frank E. McKinney, Bing Crosby, John W. Galbreath and Tom Johnson. Bing is not just a pleasant, nice-to-have-around, figurehead. "We don't make any major deals unless all four of us sit in on them," President Frank McKinney told me. "Bing's knowledge of baseball is extremely valuable. We have twenty farm clubs and Bing keeps up on the progress of all our young players. He loves them and likes to see them fight their way up to the majors."

Manager Billy Meyer, who took over that post this year, is always happy when Crosby catches up with the team. He was

a little worried when Bing reported for spring training, figuring he might get hurt by a line drive or break a finger catching a ball. "He soon showed he was a ball player, and could take care of himself," Meyer said.

You can't crowd all the Pirates' comments about Crosby into one story. Ernie Bonham, the robust Pirate pitcher is too big to slight and his feeling for Bing, in spite of the way Crosby rides him about his waistline, is as enormous as his girth.

"Bing fits into this clubhouse as though he's been around it all his life," Bonham said. "He's more of a ball player, in the way he acts, than he is anything else in this world. Boy, how I love to watch Bing and his kids sit on the bench and holler at the ump's. And I like the easy way he handles his boys, herding them in to get hamburgers after a hot session on the field. He sure has them under control and they certainly love their dad."

General Manager Roy Hamey told me he wouldn't attempt to measure, in dollars and cents, Crosby's value to the Pirates. "When Bing is around things begin to hum," he said. "He takes the tension off the players. I can see the difference in them just as soon as Bing turns up at the ball park. It's not just luck that we've lost only one game while Bing has been at the mike. The players see him up there and it does something for them."

Bing's explanation of what his presence does for the Pirates is strictly in the Crosby tradition. "I try not to cause any trouble around here," he smiles.

Bing has caused trouble only once. One afternoon the assistant trainer, Byron Jorgensen, came into the dressing room and discovered peanuts all over the floor. He began to yell and carry on in a horrifying manner. Then he spotted Papa Crosby and the Crosby twins, Philip and Dennis, sitting on a bench, munching away.

"Hey!" young Jorgie yelled. "Don't you guys know that it is bad luck to eat peanuts in a clubhouse!"

"I never heard that one," Bing said, somewhat stunned.

"It's the worst kind of luck!" the trainer said, still shouting. "You guys will have to get out of here with those peanuts!"

All three Crosbys got up and hi-tailed it out of the dressing room.

After Bing and the boys had left and Jorgensen had cooled down, he began to feel terrible. "I've insulted the nicest guy I've ever known in my whole life," he said.

This year, when Bing arrived in Pittsburgh for the opening game, he came down to the dressing room under the stands to visit the players. Before entering the room, he stuck his head in the door. On his face was the lovable Crosby grin. "Hey Jorgie!" he called to the trainer. Jorgensen turned around. "I haven't got a peanut on me. Can I come in?"

The Pirates are still talking about the expression on Jorgie's face when Bing then came all the way into the dressing room and put his arm around the guy's shoulder.

THE END

EPILOGUE

PITTSBURGH (AP) — Not even the history books or the home field could save the Pittsburgh Pirates from the Atlanta Braves' pitching staff.

The Pirates were 5-0 in decisive Game 7s of postseason series entering Thursday's deciding game of the National League playoffs. And Oct. 17 marked the anniversary of their last two World Series triumphs, in 1971 and 1979.

Uh, make that 5-1 on a not-so-happy anniversary.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch
Friday, Oct. 18, 1991

New Releases

**Contributors: Jim Determan, Ken MacGregor, Mark Scrimger,
Pat Sullivan, Ernest Sutkowski, Greg Van Beek, Frank Whittaker**

Compact Discs

BING CROSBY—FEATURING PAUL WHITEMAN AND THE ORCHESTRAS OF SAM LANIN, DORSEY BROS., DUKE ELLINGTON, GUS ARNHEIM. Timeless CBC 1-004 (Holland) Contents: Pretty Lips (previously unissued version of 12-22-26); Muddy Water; I'm Coming, Virginia; Mississippi Mud; I Left My Sugar Standing in the Rain; Changes; Mary (What Are You Waiting For?); Ol' Man River; Make Believe; From Monday On; Lovable; Louisiana; You Took Advantage of Me; 'Tain't So, Honey, 'Tain't So; Susianna; The Spell of the Blues; Let's Do It; My Kinda Love; So the Bluebirds and the Blackbirds Got Together; If I Had a Talking Picture of You; Happy Feet; Three Little Words; One More Time; Dinah; St. Louis Blues.

SING A SONG OF SUNBEAMS. Saville CDSVL-219 (UK) Contents: Too Marvelous for Words; Sentimental and Melancholy; It's the Natural Thing To Do; Don't Be That Way; Small Fry; A Blues Serenade; Silver on the Sage; Sing a Song of Sunbeams; Still the Bluebird Sings; Go Fly a Kite; A Man and His Dream; Maybe; Somebody Loves Me; An Apple for the Teacher; Ciribiribin; Yodelin' Jive; Too Romantic; Sweet Potato Piper.

EVERYTHING I HAVE IS YOURS. Tring Int'l GRF016 (Germany) Contents: Blacksmith Blues; Come What May; I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls; Glow Worm; Feet Up; Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Please, Mr. Sun; Cockeyed Optimist; When the Red Roses Grow; Girl in the Bonnet of Blue; Everything I Have Is Yours; A Thousand Violins; Dark Moon; Now That I Need You; Maybe It's Because; When That Midnight Choo Choo Leaves for Alabam; If I Had My Way; Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gave to Me; Down Yonder; Lady of Spain; Zip-a-Dee-Doo-Dah; P.S. I Love You; If This Isn't Love; Ol' Buttermilk Sky; Great

Day; I Got the Sun in the Morning; It's a Good Day; You Go to My Head; The Old Lamplighter.

BING WITH A BEAT (With Bob Scobey Orch.) RCA BVCJ-2029 (Japan) Contents: Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella; I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter; Along the Way to Waikiki; Exactly Like You; Dream a Little Dream of Me; Last Night on the Back Porch; Some Sunny Day; Whispering; Tell Me; Mack the Knife; Down Among the Sheltering Palms; Mama Loves Papa.

THAT TRAVELIN' TWO-BEAT. Axis CDAX-701597 (Australia) Contents: That Travelin' Two-Beat (with reprise); The Poor People of Paris; Adios Senorita; Roamin' in the Gloamin'; Come to the Mardi Gras; Cia Ciao Bambina; The Daughter of Molly Malone; I Get Ideas; Hear That Band; New Vienna Woods; Knees Up, Mother Brown; Sugar; Way Down Yonder in New Orleans; Let's Sing Like a Dixieland Band; Brother Bill; Muskrat Ramble; Dardanella; Bye-Bye Blues; Lazy River; Preacher; Rocky Mountain Moon; Little Ol' Tune; At the Jazz Band Ball.

BROTHER, CAN YOU SPARE A DIME? (Great American Songs of the Depression) Pro-Arte CDD 486. Selections by Bing: Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?; Just a Gigolo.

BING 'N BASIE. EmArcy 824 705-2. Contents: Gentle on My Mind; Everything Is Beautiful; Gonna Build a Mountain; Sunrise, Sunset; Hangin' Loose; All His Children; Put Your Hand in the Hand; Snowbird; Little Green Apples; Sugar, Don't You Know; Have a Nice Day.

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY - THE FANTASTIC FORTIES. Intersound CDC 1011. Selections by Bing: You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To (with Ginny Simms); San Fernando Valley; A Little Bird Told Me.

CHRISTMAS WITH BING CROSBY. Telstar TCD 2468 (UK). (Also available on LP: STAR 2468 and Tape: STAC 2468). Contents: White Christmas; Sleigh Ride; Silver Bells (with

Carol Richards); The Snowman; Sleigh Bell Serenade; I'll Be Home for Christmas; Here Comes Santa Claus; You're All I Want for Christmas; Santa Claus Is Coming to Town; Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer; Peace on Earth/Little Drummer Boy (with David Bowie); Silent Night; The First Noel; Faith of Our Fathers; God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen; The Twelve Days of Christmas; It's Beginning To Look Like Christmas; I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day; The Christmas Song; Jingle Bells.

DREAM A LITTLE DREAM OF ME. **Ariola Express 295040 (UK).** Ol' Man River; Three Little Words; It Must Be True; Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams; Just a Gigolo; I'm Through With Love; Just One More Chance; Some Sunny Day; I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter; Mack the Knife; Dream a Little Dream of Me; Whispering; Down Among the Sheltering Palms; The Little Things in Life; One More Time; Them There Eyes (from ICC *Bing*).

THE BOSWELL SISTERS — ALTERNATE TAKES AND RARITIES. **Jazz 622** (Available from Mr. Nostalgia, P. O. Box 26494, Tamarac, FL 33320, \$15.98 plus \$2.00 shipping. Selection by Bing: Lawd, You Made the Night Too Long.

PENNIES FROM HEAVEN. **Pro-Arte CDD-432.** This CD was listed in the December 1988 issue of *Bingang*. If you haven't been able to find it, or the tape equivalent, you may now order it from Mr. Nostalgia for \$14.95 (CD) or \$8.95 (tape).

PAUL WHITEMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA WITH BING CROSBY. **Pro-Arte CDD-437.** This CD and tape, also listed in the December 1988 issue of *Bingang*, is available from Mr. Nostalgia at prices shown above.

POCKETFUL OF DREAMS. **Pro-Arte CDD-457,** This CD and tape, listed in the July 1990 issue of *Bingang*, is available from Mr. Nostalgia at prices shown above.

PEGGY LEE WITH BING CROSBY — IT'S A GOOD DAY. **Parrot PARCD-001 (UK).** Duet selections with Bing: It's a Good Day; Everything's Moving Too Fast; Baby You Can Count on Me; The Best Man; I Still Suits Me; You Came a Long Way from St. Louis; Exactly Like You; I Got Rhythm; A Little Bird Told Me; On a Slow Boat to China; Cuanta La Gusta; Top Hat,

White Tie and Tails (w/Fred Astaire); Cheek to Cheek; A Fine Romance (w/Astaire & Lee); They Can't Take That Away from Me; Dearly Beloved; White Christmas; Catalog Day (w/Astaire & Lee); Kamehameha Day (w/Astaire & Lee); Maybe You'll Be There. Other selections non-Bing. (From ICC *Bing*).

THE MOST WELCOME GROANER. **Parade PAR-2021 (UK).** Contents: My Heart Is Taking Lessons; The Funny Old Hills; Joobalai; East Side of Heaven; Hang Your Heart on a Hickory Limb; On the Sentimental Side; This Is My Night To Dream; I Have Eyes; You're a Sweet Little Headache; That Sly Old Gentleman; An Apple for the Teacher; A Man and His Dream; Still the Bluebird Sings; April Played the Fiddle; I Haven't Time To Be a Millionaire; In My Merry Oldsmobile; Medley of Gus Edwards' Song Hits; Go Fly a Kite; The Moon and the Willow Tree; Meet the Sun Half Way. (Also available in a three-CD set, Parade PAK-904, WE MUST NEVER SAY GOODBYE. Other 2 CD's are non-Bing.) (From ICC *Bing*).

A GOLDEN HOUR OF BING CROSBY. **Knight KSHCD-170 (UK).** Contents: Straight Down the Middle; Nice Work If You Can Get It; Anything Goes; I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face; Please Don't Talk About Me; They Didn't Believe Me; I Guess I'll Have To Change My Plan; Ain't Misbehavin'; Count Your Blessings; What Is This Thing Called Love; She's Funny That Way; Come Rain or Come Shine; Way Down Yonder in New Orleans; Love Is Just Around the Corner; Yes, Sir, That's My Baby; You Turned the Tables on Me; Don't Take Your Love from Me; I Can't Get Started; My Funny Valentine; Let's Put Out the Lights and Go to Sleep; Yours; You're the Top; The Isle of Capri. (From ICC *Bing*).

MAIL CALL — JUDY GARLAND AND BING CROSBY. **Laserlight 15413.** Selections by Bing: It's Love, Love, Love; Amor; Groaner, Canary and Nose (w/Garland & Jimmy Durante); I Love You; You're the Top (w/Frank Sinatra & Bob Hope; Something To Remember You By (w/Garland). (Others non-Bing).

A SOURCE FOR FOREIGN CD'S: Jim Determan advises that he has had good luck obtaining foreign CD's from Sound City 2,000, Inc. Their phone number is (503) 654-2196.

Videos

BING CROSBY, HOLLYWOOD'S GREATEST ENTERTAINER. A Film Shows, Inc. Production. Produced by Paul Harris and Sandy Oliveri. Narrated by Murray Roberts. Goodtimes Home Video VHS-8290, copyright 1991.

This 105-minute cassette was distributed recently by Wal-Mart (and perhaps other) stores. It sold for a few dollars. It is highly recommended, if you can still find it, but copies seem to have become very scarce. It's one of those grab-it-while-you-can items that occasionally appear in the stores.

Included among the many treasures are clips from the Jack Benny show, duets with Frank Sinatra on Bing's own show, and an interview with Ed Sullivan promoting *High Society*. Of special interest are the many rare preview "trailers" that are spliced into the film.

Good luck with finding it!

THE MAGIC OF BING CROSBY continues to impress all who have seen it. This tape was shown recently in this country on public television.

Books

DISCOVERING GREAT SINGERS OF CLASSIC POP; A New Listener's Guide to the Sounds and Lives of the Top Performers and Their Recordings, Movies, and Videos, by Roy Hemming and David Hajdu. Newmarket Press, 1991, \$22.95. Should be at your bookstore.

Our thanks go to Pat Sullivan and Ernest Sutkowski for bringing this book to our attention. Not only is there an excellent chapter on Bing, but Bing's name is mentioned on at least fifty other pages dealing with such diverse singers as Ethel Waters, Rudy Vallee, Russ Columbo, Kate Smith, Fred Astaire, Lee Wiley, Ella Fitzgerald, Mabel Mercer, Alice Faye, Frank Sinatra, Perry Como, Judy Garland, Doris Day, Dick Haymes, Rosemary Clooney, and Steve Lawrence. Your editor knows this because Ernest Sutkowski sent him photocopies of every page that has Bing's name on it!

This would be a very useful book for your music library. Buy it, by all means!

Bing Crosby

Though he was born Harry Lillis Crosby, the millions of people around the world who could instantly recognize that smooooooth baritone knew him by more endearing names: Bing, Der Bingle, The Groaner, and Le Bing. And though Bing died Friday on a golf course in Spain at the age of 73, there lives Bing the Legend: the casual, pipe-smoking, glib-lipped, father-figure in the flamboyant attire.

To today's small children, perhaps, he may be best known as the dad with all that orange juice for his family in the TV ads—or as the name of a golf tournament. His original bub-bub-bub-a-boo, croon-and-whistle renditions of "When the Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day" and other ballads may ring funny in the Age of Rock—too gentle, perhaps, too sentimental for today's young. But the time was when young people fell in love—and people of all ages did their Christmas shopping—to his accompaniment. For a full half century, he was one of those rare, enduring super-entertainers of show business who somehow manage to capture—and hold—entire generations of fans.

The Crosby singing style slid with ease through so many music modes, from his perennials, "Silent Night" and "White Christmas," through the delightful silliness of the "Road" pictures with his pal Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour and later to stompin' Dixieland fun with Louis Armstrong in "High Society." Just as effortlessly as he seemed to glide into any kind of music, Bing adapted to all the forms that entertainment was to take, from phonograph record sales of more than 300 million through nearly 60 movies (an Oscar for "Going My Way") and on into households via television specials.

Behind his cool, well-now-looky-here demeanor was a hard-working man of many talents. He was a successful business executive, a sportsman-entrepreneur, a father of two families (four children by Dixie Lee, who died in 1952, and three by Kathy Grant). And while he did not make a big fuss about it, he was also apparently a considerable philanthropist.

But most of all, Bing Crosby was your reliable family friend, ever available and able to make everyone around him feel comfortable. That's why you wanted to believe that he'd somehow be around forever—and why, thanks to a rich legacy of recorded performances, we rather think he will be.

Editorial from the *Washington Post*, published shortly after Bing's death.

SWAPS AND SUCH

WANTED: Video of *A Couple of Song and Dance Men*, a TV special, with Bing, Fred Astaire, and the Crosby family. Dave Odell, 9722-88 Ave., Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T6E 2P9.

WANTED: Recordings and information about Dick Todd; also I would like to know if there is a Betty Hutton fan club. Does anyone have her address so I can write to her? David Lobosco, 2533 Rose Dr., Glenshaw, PA 15116.

WANTED: 45, album, or tape copy of "The White World of Winter," by Bing. Elmer L. Clock, 3823 Stites Pl., Cincinnati, OH 45226.

DISPOSING of complete Bing Crosby collection. 1500+ 45's, 78's, LP's, V-Discs, 10" to 16" non-commercial pressings, alternate takes. More than 50 books, 800 8" x 10" photos, 300 pieces sheet music, 6 16 mm films, 45 27" x 41" movie sheets, 1 1964 Bing show script. Inquiries, general or specific want lists welcomed. Rarer items: Dr. Mize's *Bing*; Ted Crosby's *Bing*, 16" shellac soundtrack to *King of Jazz*; LP's: *High Tor* and *Sunday in Hollywood*; Decca tests and acetates; plus much, much more! Jack Souther, 2011-44th Ave., San Francisco, CA 94116.

FOR SALE: My duplicates of Crosby LP's. Some are new and still sealed. Contact me for a list or let me know what you need. Price: \$20 per LP, including shipping. Stanley Wayman, 18 Beckerle St., Danbury, CT 06811-4608.

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE: July 88, December 88, June 89, December 89, July 90, December 90, June 91, December 91 are available from the editor for \$2.50 each, postpaid (sent printed-matter class). Quantities limited on some issues. No other issues are available.

FOR SALE: My father was a subscriber to *Bingang* and a collector of Bing's records for many years. Unfortunately he is very ill, and it is necessary to sell his collection. His name is Lawrence Henry. I'm sure many of you know him and have traded material and corresponded with him in the past. For information on this collection write to me, Charles Henry, 132-23B 14th Ave., Suite 223, College Point, NY 11356.

WANTED: Victor Young's 78rpm recording of *Crosby, Columbo, and Vallee* on Brunswick 6239. I will pay a good price for a copy in the best possible condition. Bob Landry, 705 East Galena, Aurora, IL 60505

OTHER CROSBY ORGANIZATIONS

BING CROSBY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Publication: *The Crooner*
Membership: \$15 per year
Ken Twiss, President
P. O. Box 216
Tacoma, WA 98401

BING'S FRIENDS AND COLLECTORS SOCIETY

Publication: *Newsletter*
Membership: \$10.50 per year
Hobie Wilson, President
Cathy Wilson, Treasurer
236 Andrieux St.
Sonoma, CA 95476

BINGTHINGS SOCIETY

Publication: *Bingtalks*
Membership \$10 per year
Bob Lundberg, President
Joyce Lundberg, Associate Editor
5021 57th Ave. Court West
Tacoma, WA 98467

BING CROSBY NEWSLETTER (U.K.)

Publication: *Grapevine*
Membership: \$15.00 Year
John C. Marshall, Editor
30 King's Road
Teddington, Middlesex
England TW11 0QD

INTERNATIONAL CROSBY CIRCLE (U.K.)

Publication: *Bing*
Membership \$20 per year
Michael Crampton, Secretary-Treasurer
Ken Crossland, Editor
F. B. Wiggins, U. S. Representative
5608 North 34th St.
Arlington, VA 22207

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"Gone Fishin'"

FROM LES GAYLOR'S COLLECTION